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## The Cresset (Vol. XVIII, No. 2)

Valparaíso University

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THE

# Cresset

A REVIEW OF LITERATURE,

THE ARTS, AND CURRENT AFFAIRS

DECEMBER 1954

VOL. XVIII NO. 2

THIRTY-FIVE CENTS

# THE CRESSET

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## IN THE DECEMBER CRESSET:

NOTES AND COMMENT .....	<i>The Editors</i>	1
THE PILGRIM .....	<i>O. P. Kretzmann</i>	10
VERSE: THE WOULD-BE VISITOR .....	<i>Courtney Johnson, jr</i>	14
AD LIB .....	<i>Alfred R. Looman</i>	15
VERSE: THE GLEAMING TRACKLESS SNOW .....	<i>Frances Baumbach</i>	20
VOICES BEFORE SUNRISE: A CHRISTMAS GARLAND .....	<i>The Editors</i>	21
VERSE: ROYAL GUEST .....	<i>Lori Petri</i>	27
THE EMERGENT RELIGION OF DEMOCRACY .....	<i>Martin E. Marty</i>	28
WHAT DO YOU BELIEVE? .....	<i>E. J. Buls</i>	37
LETTER FROM XANADU, NEBR. ....	<i>G. G.</i>	40
MUSIC AND MUSIC-MAKERS .....	<i>Walter A. Hansen</i>	43
RECENT RECORDINGS .....	<i>Walter A. Hansen</i>	46
THE NEW BOOKS .....		49
A MINORITY REPORT .....	<i>Victor F. Hoffmann</i>	62
VERSE: THIN TUNES .....	<i>Robert Epp</i>	66
THE MOTION PICTURE .....	<i>Anne Hansen</i>	67
THE EDITOR'S LAMP .....		72

THE CRESSET is published monthly except August by the Valparaiso University Press in cooperation with the Walther League. Entered as second class matter September 1, 1953, at the post office at Valparaiso, Indiana, under the act of March 3, 1879. Subscription rates: Domestic—One-year, \$3.00; two-year, \$5.50; three-year, \$8.00. Canadian—Same as domestic. Foreign—\$3.25 per year in United States funds. Single copy, 35 cents. Entire contents copyrighted 1954 by the Valparaiso University Press.



THE

VOL. XVIII, No. 2

December 1954

# Cresset

## *Notes and Comment*

BY THE EDITORS

### The Elections

Having not yet seen the copy for this month's "Minority Report," we remain unconvinced that the congressional elections represented a repudiation of the Eisenhower administration and a clear-cut victory for the Democratic party. We prefer to go along with the observation of Maine's Democratic Governor Muskie who has noted that the elections clearly indicate that neither party can claim a mandate from the people, which means in turn that both parties have been put on probation for the two-year period between next January and the 1956 election.

The pundits have read various interpretations into the election

figures, none of them wholly satisfying. Leonard Hall, the GOP national chairman, was perhaps the most honest commentator when he said that he could find no patterns at all in the returns. Or, to put it in the words of another commentator, we seem to have held a great number of local elections, all of which together present us with a congressional situation which conforms to no over-all national pattern.

It seems to us that perhaps two basically significant facts emerged from the election, though. The first of these is the simple statistical fact that the Democratic party claims a fairly substantial natural majority of voters. By that we mean that the



tendency of most Americans is to vote Democratic, unless there are some special reasons for their voting in opposition to the Democratic party. Thus we have a reversal of the 1930 situation when seventy years of Republican dominance meant that the tendency for most Americans was to vote Republican, in the absence of any special grudge against that party. In the recent election, this first fact would have meant, therefore, that a great many people probably simply returned to what has become their normal tendency to vote Democratic, a tendency which was offset in 1952 by the tremendous personal popularity of Mr. Eisenhower.

And it is this amazing personal popularity of the President which, it seems to us, has emerged as the second basically significant fact in our present political situation. There probably is no way of knowing how many people, disposed to return to their habit of voting Democratic, delayed doing so because of a desire to give Ike a friendly Congress. Take Ike out of the picture in 1956, and see what happens. There is no other Republican leader, at the moment, who can offset the natural Democratic tendency of the majority of American voters.

## Things To Come

Assuming the rather large assumption that what we have just been saying is reasonably correct, it would seem in order to say certain things about the political situation through the coming two years:

1. The Democratic party is in a very ticklish position indeed. They dare not, on the one hand, give any impression of trying to make things tough for a president who is greatly loved on both sides of the political fence. On the other hand, they must stand in at least some measure of opposition to the President on important issues if they hope to persuade the voters to unseat him and his party in 1956. It will take the nimble skill of old hands like Sam Rayburn to keep the Democrats from veering off the path of opposition into the path of obstructionism. The thing can be done, but it is not easy to do.

2. The Republican party is going to have to give William McKinley a decent burial and let time heal the wounds occasioned by his loss. Nothing was quite so evident in the recent election as the repudiation of that small but intransigent wing of the party that has dedicated itself to the abolition of the twentieth century. There is

such a thing as a healthy, contemporary conservatism and by far the larger number of Republican leaders are able spokesmen for this political philosophy. The unseemly spectacle of reactionary soreheads sabotaging their own party's nominees because of alleged liberal leanings weakened popular confidence in a party which, at the moment, needs more than anything else to restore its battered reputation.

3. Above everything else, the Republican party needs to find men and women who can dramatize for the mass of the people what the party's new leadership believes and what it has accomplished. The fact was, it seems to us, that the Republicans had a pretty decent record to run on this year and the Democrats had really nothing much to criticize. But who got the headlines, even in the Republican newspapers? Adlai Stevenson and Harry Truman. There surely is no law of nature that a Republican campaigner must sound like the chairman of the board addressing a stockholders' meeting but, except for the President and for John Foster Dulles on one occasion, there was very little warmth in Republican oratory, least of all in the leaden platitudes of our sad-faced Vice-President.

## Bingo

In at least two states, bingo was one of the more important issues in last month's elections. One large religious group holds that gambling, under specified conditions, is not sinful, and has, accordingly, relied rather heavily upon bingo revenue for the maintenance of its schools and welfare agencies. Most religious groups do consider gambling sinful and state legislatures, generally, have incorporated this view into their criminal codes.

Moral theology is a highly specialized field and we do not feel qualified to dabble in it. Therefore, we refrain from expressing a moral judgment upon gambling as such beyond noting that even the conditions which some moral theologians have attached to their approval of gambling are such that they effectively prohibit gambling as it is actually practiced. But there are two propositions on which we think that all moral theologians are agreed, both of them bearing upon the practice of gambling within the church:

1. The support of religious institutions or religious activity is not, in and of itself, a good work. As a matter of fact, such support, if given for any reason other than the love of God and of



one's fellow-men, is a sin. To urge or invite or force any man to support the Church and its work for any reason other than the love of God and man is to cause him to offend, and our Lord's warning applies: "Woe to the man by whom the offense cometh!"

2. The state, in the proper exercise of its police powers, is to be obeyed, even when it chooses to forbid that which is not forbidden by the moral law. The state has no power to demand that which the moral law forbids; it does have the power to forbid that which the moral law permits. No citizen is free to choose which rightful laws he will obey and which he will ignore. It is particularly offensive when the Church chooses openly to flout such laws.

These principles being granted, there is no need to argue the question of the morality or immorality of bingo as such, nor is there any need to catalogue the good works which bingo revenues underwrite. Either the law must be changed, or churches must obey the law.

And lest these remarks seem to fall too heavily upon one particular church body, it should be noted that more subtle forms of offense are practiced in

churches which take doctrinal positions against gambling. Objection number one, stated above, would seem to apply to a fairly wide range of pressure devices used to separate church members from their money. (Publishing annual reports of contributions, while not a form of gambling, is obviously a pressure device, unless it be assumed that each member gets such a report so that he may rejoice in the generosity of his brethren.) Whether any given activity constitutes an offense must, of course, be judged within the context of its total situation. What is required, therefore, is sensitivity to the reason and purpose of our giving and respect for the consciences of those who see us give.



### Edward H. Crump

One of the defects of a political order that boasts that it is governed "by laws and not by men" is the simple and sometimes painfully obvious fact that laws are not self-enforcing. Good laws become dead letters when their enforcement is left to weak men. Good laws may become devices for oppression when their enforcement is in the hands of evil men. Conversely, bad laws may do little harm

when their enforcement is in the hands of good men.

But because we take this sometimes thoughtless pride in a system of laws and not of men, we have, as a people, rather uncritically condemned the machine boss simply because he is boss of the machine. Indeed, so general has become our dislike of political machines that one knowledgeable politician says that, to the best of his knowledge, there is no functioning city machine in any large town of the United States nowadays.

The last great boss died several weeks ago. He was Ed Crump, long-time boss of Memphis who for many years was boss of the whole state of Tennessee. Ed Crump was a boss in the old-time tradition. He made and broke city and state officials. He directed the writing of laws and he oversaw their enforcement. In the process, he won a few friends and many enemies.

His passing should serve to remind us that an era in our municipal histories has closed. Much of what happened during that era was so shameful that we had best forget it. But there were good bosses, too, and Ed Crump was one of them in his prime. He gave Memphis clean, economical, and efficient government. He may not have al-

lowed much freedom of choice to the citizenry in choosing their officials, but the ones he chose for them were good officials. He had the respect, if not the love, of his fellow-townsmen.

Judged simply as a system, the boss system was not a good one. But we do not judge systems in the abstract. Who was the better mayor of Chicago—Boss Kelly or his “democratic” but ineffective successor, Mr. Kennelly?

It seems to us that the political genius which our people have displayed for self-government on the national and state level has not carried over into our local governments. It would be our guess, based upon considerable observation, that there is more graft, more dereliction of duty, more sheer incompetence, more nepotism proportionately on the local government level than there is on the state level, and far more of all of these on the state level than there is on the federal level. Numerous studies have borne out these suspicions.

Perhaps, then, before we cheer the end of the boss era we ought to give some thought to the kind of local government we now have. Good bosses ran good administrations. Maybe not everybody got his vote recorded, but everybody was reasonably safe on



the streets after dark, the streets themselves were in passable shape, and the tax rate was reasonable. We can think of a dozen cities where free elections have brought to power administrations who either cannot or will not adequately protect either person or property, despite high tax rates.



### The Youngsters

When even Joe Palooka becomes concerned about the problem of juvenile delinquency, we can do no less. But what we are chiefly concerned about is that the problem be kept in proportion, and that a whole generation of young people not be condemned for the excesses of an infinitesimally small percentage of punks.

We do not gloss over the alarming statistics and reports on youthful vandalism and narcotic addiction and wanton cruelty. These are a part of the total picture, a part which should cause all of us concern and should eventually lead to some more realistic way of coping with such behavior. We suspect, though, that these rowdies could be fairly easily put in their place if the bleeding-hearts and sob-sisters would allow the police and the courts to deal

with them as we deal with adults who deliberately set themselves against society. So long as we maintain the fiction that people under the age of eighteen are not accountable for their behavior, we will continue to suffer from teen-age bullying.

But more important, we need to encourage the vast majority of our young people who, in an age of adult irresponsibility and of world-wide confusion, have maintained their balance and gone quietly about their difficult task of growing up. We work with such people every day. We know them and we have a tremendous respect for them. When one considers that these young people were born in the depths of the Great Depression, got their first impressions of the world during World War II, and grew up through years of cold war, mink coat scandals, rising divorce rates, and what-not—when one considers all of this, we say, it seems to us that these youngsters have turned out much better than we had any right to expect.

And that raises the question: Just what in the world did we have any right to expect of them, anyway? Apparently we haven't even been concerned enough about them to provide them with adequate school buildings

or competent teachers. So perhaps we ought to give the young folks a break, for a change, and have a go at the problem of adult delinquency. An honest evaluation of that problem might suggest some deeper meanings in Oscar Wilde's oft-quoted epigram: "Children begin by loving their parents; as they grow older they judge them; sometimes they forgive them."



### Ten Thousand Bucks

One of the dangers inherent in being a pathological reader (one who reads just to be reading) is that one sometimes wanders from what the reporters like to call "the hard news" into the chit chat of the gossip columnists. This can, and often does, play hob with the blood pressure.

It was in such a column, one recent Sunday afternoon, that we came upon the report that a young woman whose vocal talents appear to be modest had received \$10,000 for warbling four singing commercials. At the time, we were involved in a rather elaborate bit of budget-juggling, attempting to fit an unexpected expense into a teacher's balance sheet. And we had just come from a university board meeting where a \$10,000

check could have set forty furrowed-browed gentlemen snake-dancing across the campus.

We are not prepared to say that the capitalist system is doomed, and we hope that it isn't. But if doom ever strikes, it will be this sort of thing that does it. A system which permits rewards to outrun social usefulness by too great a margin will ultimately destroy itself. Even the most conservative laissez faire economists postulate enlightened selfishness as the grounds of free capitalism. When selfishness ceases to be enlightened, it loses its last tenuous link with the moral order and calls down upon itself the fearful sanctions of the moral law.



### Paradise Regained

Circumstances brought us, several weeks ago, to the children's floor of a great metropolitan hospital. In one of the beds lay a handsome Negro child, perhaps two years old, who was suffering from a malignancy. In one of the rooms lay a child, only slightly older, stiffened by polio. In another room lay a newborn infant who had been so badly damaged in the process of birth that it would be weeks before he could be allowed to go home.



There is no point to morbid probings of these great, gaping wounds of mankind, except to point out that this was the sort of thing our Lord Jesus Christ came down from heaven to heal. When Isaac Watts sang that "He comes to make His blessings flow Far as the curse is found," he was saying that our Lord had come to restore the first order of things. Sin and death were, of course, the giants whom our Lord engaged in the fateful battle of the Place of the Skull. But when those giants fell, their simpering comrades fled in confusion—illness and anxiety, the terror of the night and the destruction that wasteth at noon-day.

We make the mistake sometimes of supposing that the drama of redemption has to do only with the vague something within us that we have called the soul. But in our prayers we address a God who hates nothing that He has made; Who, indeed, is described in His revelation as having looked upon the things that He had made and having found them good. Christ the Restorer came to restore *all* things—the scarred and eroded earth, the fear-full lesser animals, and that part of man which he shares with the lesser creatures.

And because He came, we look

forward to no mere spiritual resurrection with its imagery of phosphorescent spooks. We believe in the resurrection of the body and in the deliverance of the creature from the bondage of corruption into the glorious liberty of the sons of God. This is what we mean by "Paradise Regained." For Paradise once existed on this very earth of ours, and it is an essential part of our hope that it will exist once again on the "new earth" which has been promised us in the consummation of the world.

We have too readily assumed that trees and rocks and waters have no voices to sing. Perhaps they have merely been horrified into silence by the evil which men have introduced into God's good creation. We have spoken of the life-suffering-death cycle as though it were an essential part of the scheme of things, rather than a monstrosity of our own making. Martha was profoundly right when she told our Lord that, if He had been there, her brother would not have died. If we had not exiled God from the earth, none of our brethren would have died—perhaps not even such lowly brethren as the hare or the earwig.

Wherever, therefore, the curse is found, there we find also an intimation of the hope that

came down from Heaven into the stable of Bethlehem. The things which we see through tears are the things that our Lord came to destroy. The malignancy which dooms the little Negro boy is itself doomed; the illness which stiffens the body of the little child must, finally, release its grip so that he may dance before his Maker.

There is, therefore, in the background of the Christmas season, a certain fearful hush and wonder. Immanuel, "God with us"—what if it were really true that God had come down and become a part of His creation? Could we ever again be really sure that things would continue to be what they had been, or to behave as they had behaved? What if all of the "real" things should turn out to be fantasies, and reality itself should prove to be fantastic? These are the questions that the mind poses when it confronts the Son of the Living God, wrapped in swaddling clothes and lying in a manger.

Seen thus, the drama of Christmas suggests a meaning perhaps deeper than we had suspected in the Song of the Angels. Certainly it was a song of praise to God, but may it not also have been a song of reassurance to man-

kind, now so suddenly invaded by its Maker? "Peace and good will," the angels sang to men who, if they could grasp at all what it meant to have God in their very midst, might well have exclaimed with Peter, "Depart from me, for I am a sinful man, O Lord."

To this Child, then, we come once again in the season of His birth. In Him each of us may dare to hope to find those things by whose loss we have been diminished, by whose absence we have been left incomplete. May His benediction greet our coming.



## The Year's End

It would be ungrateful of us to allow 1954 to enter history without sending it off with a few words of gratitude. For whatever it may have brought to any one of us as an individual, it brought new hope, and the resolution of many problems, to the world at large. It would be a joy to suppose that 1954 might have opened a new and happier era in world affairs. Whether it actually did, we cannot know until later. But certainly it quickened new hopes, and for that, if for nothing else, it deserves our kindly remembrance.



# THE PILGRIM

By O. P. KRETZMANN

Dear Stephen,

This year I have decided to write my Christmas letter to you alone....It will be your third Christmas on earth, and for the first time you will understand some of the strange words and beautiful sounds we hear best at Christmas time...Baby, Mother, Angels....

Perhaps this letter should also go to your much older brothers, Jody and Mark.... I have, however, noticed that they are becoming real grown-up about Christmas.... They sing in the choir, they help to buy and decorate the tree, they know exactly where all the presents come from, and they no longer believe that the strange afterglow in the December sky is the Christ-Child baking cookies for them.... Of course, they still believe in Christmas but in a strange way that will last for about thirty or forty years...And then suddenly, by the grace of the Child through the telescope of sorrow, or slowly, through the

vision of the clarifying years, they will turn back with all the homesickness of the faith of childhood to the place where the Almighty laid aside His robes of light, under the night sky became a baby just as you were only two years ago, and where all the young and the old must become children again....

Yesterday the first snow of the season fell on our town.... I bundled up and walked down the old familiar road, past the house on the hill, out to the cemetery where your sister Katharine waits for her first Christmas.... The leaves were still on the ancient oaks and elms, now so much nearer the sky than they were when I first saw them fifteen years ago.... There was a little sprig of red berries on Katharine's little stone and a tiny sparrow huddled behind a fallen branch.... I began to think about this letter to you and what I might say after all these years of Christmas....

First, I remembered my last Christmas with you...your won-

dering eyes, your simple joy over a simple toy.... Do you remember that you were on my lap four days after Christmas when the first reports on the celebration of Christmas in Korea (that is a land farther away than heaven) came over television?... For weeks we had listened to good music... stars of opera and Broadway singing carols and arias; but this night we heard the 5th Battalion of the 1st Marines singing *Silent Night* on the hills of Korea and a little orphan singing one stanza in the Korean language.... Remember that?... You should know that the rough marines and the Korean boy were closer to that first Christmas night at Bethlehem than anything we had heard and seen during all the holidays.... Do you remember, too, that one afternoon we stood before the manger on the Courthouse square and visited for a few minutes with the mother and the Child?... It was very cold, and a little dog had crawled into the straw beneath the manger and was hiding from the snow.... He seemed to know by some far instinct that this was a good warm place for him to be and that nobody would kick him or hurt him there.... I remembered him a few months later when I read in a now forgotten

place a little poem called "Christmas Carol for the Dog."

A few verses you will like:

"This is a carol for the dog

That long ago in Bethlehem  
Saw shepherds running toward  
the town

And followed them.

He trotted stiffly at their  
heels,

He sniffed the lambs that  
they were bringing,

He heard the herald angels  
sing,

Yet did not know what they  
were singing.

Then stationed by the Baby's  
crib

He kept good guard through  
the long night,

With ears thrown back and  
muzzle high

And both eyes bright..."

We do not really know if there was a dog on the hills that first Christmas night.... If there was, he was not as happy as you will be when we go to church as dusk falls to hear the preacher tell us about the real meaning of the Holy Night, the Baby, the Mother, the angels and all the strange confusion at the world's last mid-night.... Of course, you will not understand all the words, but you will know that something great and wonderful



is going on.... Once more some of us must say it and sing it softly in the world's ear... that Christmas means the coming of our Savior from sin... the opening of heaven's golden doors... the fullness of time... the end of the years of fear and hope in the cry of a Baby and a Mother's lullaby....

Some day, please God, you will know more about that.... Now it is only necessary that the small Child Jesus smile on you and keep you in your baptismal grace.... As for the rest of us—the weary and the heavy laden—the lonely and the forgotten—the busy and the successful and the forgetful—we must again walk the long, lonesome road from the twentieth century and our sin to Bethlehem and forgiveness....

This year, as in all the years since Christmas first came, there will be three kinds of people hearing the strange, mysterious story of the Child for whom there never was much room in the world... and for whom there is probably less this year than ever before.... First, there will be the sophisticated, as far away from the Child as Caesar, men and women who know the price of everything and the value of nothing.... For them Christmas is a tearing pain... they

catch a brief, haunting, wistful glimpse of a world which is not for them... the faith of their childhood when the world, as it is for you, was full of wonder and alive with faith.... Then there will be those—the great majority perhaps—for whom Christmas has become a custom and tradition.... When the sun goes down on Christmas Eve, they will have passed through the commercial prelude with which we of the twentieth century prepare for the coming of the Child.... They will count the gifts they have given, hope no one has been forgotten, and sit back on Christmas Eve, bathed momentarily in a sentimental glow of goodness with no room left for the high and hard reality of the manger and the Baby.... And then there will be those—and in your own way, Stephen, you will be among them—who will know that in Christmas they have come again as close as they shall ever come on this side of eternity, to heaven, to the last meaning of all of life and all of death... that this is the world's moment of heaven... a day not of sentimental memory but of a living hope and an undying joy....

Sometimes I feel, Stephen, that the true meaning of Christ-

mas is pretty hard to take.... It says a number of things to my heart, but one thing always comes first.... It makes it perfectly clear that we children of men were and are so bad, so utterly evil, that God had to take the last and most desperate step to save us from ourselves.... Some day you will know that the cry of the Baby was preceded by the crying of prophets, the long weary night of waiting, the voices of saints.... All that was necessary but that was not enough.... There had to be God himself... a Child... small and helpless coming as you and I came into the world... for every one of us, and it had to happen... because we were so bad....

And so if we who are older really want a good Christmas, we must make it our humblest hour.... We must come to the manger just as you do in humility and lowliness of heart.... If by the grace of the Child we can do that, it will suddenly become our greatest hour... the greatest we can ever know on this side of heaven.... I have seen many people during the past year who would like to cut off their past, forget all about it, and start all over again.... That is what Christmas can do for those of us who carry the weight

and the shame of the years.... After we have stood at the manger, we can start all over again, free, forgiven, unafraid and unashamed.... The manger is small, but it is large enough to hold everything we want to forget.... It is large enough for the whole world that is now and forever loved with the love of the Child, a love which leaves nothing outside, a love for which nothing is too small, too poor, too weak or too full of sin.... It may break His heart to carry our burden as it really did thirty-three years later, but that is why He came....

That is why I said a moment ago that for some of us the journey to the manger this year will again be hard and long.... The world being what it is and we what we are, it will take a good deal of courage, honesty and some of your humility, Stephen, to see the manger from the long darkness of our souls.... A few minutes ago I stood at the window and watched the dark come over our street.... People were hurrying home against the cold just as we want to hurry home on Christmas eve.... Perhaps I should now tell you Mr. Chesterton's famous lines:

"To an open house in the evening



Home shall men come,  
 To an older place than Eden  
 And a taller town than Rome.  
 To the end of the way of the  
 wandering star  
 To the things that cannot be  
 and that are  
 To the place where God was  
 homeless  
 And all men are at home."

And now before I end this  
 letter I hope you will not mind  
 if I say something to myself...  
 and years from now you may  
 listen in and say the same thing:

"My soul, you must remmber  
 this,  
 As Jesus comes again,  
 Those who seek Him at the  
 inn  
 Will search for Christ in  
 vain.  
 And faith is still a star above  
 A stable cold and bare  
 That some would scoff and  
 some would seek  
 And Christ is cradled there."

If you will always remember  
 that last sentence, you will be a  
 happy and a good man.... The  
 Child bless you...



## THE WOULD-BE VISITOR

Where are you going, said I to my conscience  
 There's a song in the air, and the wind's gone away?  
 Whither the song when a stone is my sorrow  
 Said I to my conscience; and wind stayed away.

Who of my lives can tell you my story  
 Is time and the willow to visit and stay?  
 I answered this plunderer, and looking in glory  
 Saw a vision upon me, and kneeled down to pray.

Which of my nights shall a song come to visit?  
 Which of my perils shall end when I die?  
 You, said an angel, shall not ask for a visit  
 Till fire and thunder shall leap from your eye.

—COURTNEY JOHNSON, JR.

# AD LIB.



---

By ALFRED R. LOOMAN

Of all types of music, surely the Christmas carols are the most durable and the most hearty. They have been sung by more people in more lands than any other type of song. They are sung by young and old, by rich and poor, all with equal enjoyment. One can hear carols sung in the snow-bound North or in tropical jungles. I have joined in singing carols in some very strange surroundings, but I never found that the surroundings detracted at all from the joy of these most unusual songs.

Considering the number of times Christmas carols are played every year, it is a wonder they have survived. They pour from the radio or the television set throughout the month of December. Eager merchants, attempting to whip up the buy-

ing spirit at an early date, begin playing carols in late November. No popular song written today has ever taken such treatment and survived more than a week or two. The most recent popular song of Christmas, which came out a few years ago, "White Christmas," is beginning to get on my nerves, and I suspect hearing it gets on Bing Crosby's nerves too.

Last week I played an album of Christmas carols and hymns. I was just a little surprised at how happy I was to hear them again. They were as intimate and as welcome as old friends, and the well-remembered melodies were so pleasantly familiar. Yet each of the carols sounded new and fresh, as if, perhaps, I had never heard them quite completely before. Yet, last De-



ember I had played this album dozens of times, and I had heard most of the selections many more times from other sources.

What is there about a Christmas carol that makes it so durable, so refreshing, so welcome after a year's absence? For one thing, of course, the message the carol brings will account for a wide acceptance. This message, the story of the Nativity, is so old and so ever-new that it is always welcome. The wonder of that story seems to appeal to persons of all ages and to Christians and non-Christians alike. But other songs and hymns contain an equally strong spiritual message, yet they have never had a wide appeal.

Then another reason for the popularity of the carols is that almost everyone feels a warm sentiment on hearing them; often it is more sentimentality than sentiment. Since they've been around for a long while, the carols remind us of our childhood, we associate them with home. It is likely that most of the carols we can sing from memory today were learned in our early school years. The business and entertainment industries have assisted in promoting these emotional associations that we feel when we sing carols.

But one reason for the popularity and the durability of Christmas carols is often overlooked. The clue lies in the history of the carol. For being such tender, seemingly fragile music, the carol has had an unusually dramatic history. I am speaking almost exclusively of Christmas carols and not of Christmas hymns. The distinction I would make between the two is that the hymn is always completely ecclesiastical and, particularly, is more solemn and stately than a carol. For the carols can range from completely secular numbers such as "O Tannenbaum" or "God Rest You Merry, Gentlemen" to completely sacred songs such as "The First Noel" or "O Come All Ye Faithful."

The original meaning of the word carol might surprise you. It came from the Old French, *carole*, which meant, literally, to dance in a ring to a song. And that is exactly what happened when a carol was sung. A group stood in a circle and one person started to sing a carol, everyone joined in the chorus and then broke into a dance. Carols were sung mostly on two festival days. The May festival was popular all over Europe, and the Yule festival was especially popular in England. The latter was held in November around the

time of the first snow. These two festivals and the traditions that surrounded them were very popular for several hundred years, during all of which time the Church tried to suppress both festivals and the songs, because they had become completely pagan affairs.

Suppression didn't work, but substitution did. The Church in the 15th and 16th centuries finally made headway against the festivals and the carols by substituting for these secular customs something sacred. Many of the carol melodies had come originally from the Church anyway but had been turned to secular use. Some were of liturgical origin, the antiphons being one of the greatest sources. In its substitution campaign, the Church reclaimed some of its own more popular melodies plus many other of the most popular folk tunes. To these they added sacred words. And by degrees the pagan festivals became church festivals. Emphasis was placed on the Christmas festival and most of the popular carol melodies were used in Christmas carols.

Of course, many of our best carols had never been secularized. The old Latin carols, "O Come All Ye Faithful," "Angels We Have Heard on High,"

which came to England via France, are a good example. A high percentage of the carols in this class can be traced to St. Francis, who established quite a few Christmas customs, and later, to the English Franciscans, who composed or adapted many of these songs.

The majority of the best known older carols, however, were adapted from the old folk songs, or rather folk songs once removed, since someone did eventually write them down. Almost all of these melodies had been popular for two or three hundred years before they became Christmas carols. Many of the carol melodies are now 700 years old, dating to the time when carols first became popular at the festivals.

Some examples of these older, formerly secular, songs which have been changed to Christmas carols are "The First Noel", "Deck the Halls", "O Tannenbaum", and "Lo, How a Rose E'er Blooming." These were folk tunes and, in most cases, their original words are no longer known. Occasionally, the original words are known. For instance, "What Child is This?" has the melody of a popular Elizabethan song, "My Lady Greensleeves", and Luther's "From Heaven Above to Earth



I Come" uses the melody of a then-popular song entitled, "From Foreign Lands I Come Here." In the same tradition, but a couple of centuries later, "Hark the Herald Angels Sing" uses a melody from Mendelssohn's "Festival Song."

When these old carols were converted, or re-converted to sacred use, they retained some references to the old secular festivals. Those stanzas have since been dropped, and few, if any references are found to the May festivals. However, any carol that mentions Yule, a boar's head, dragging in a log, or wassailing can almost always be traced to the Yule festival.

My point here is that Christmas carols, for whatever other reasons they may be popular today, are popular also because their melodies were well tested for wide appeal, in some cases for centuries, before they became Christmas carols. There was nothing accidental about the choice of the melodies. It was all a part of a deliberate and organized movement by the pre-and post-Reformation clergy to stop the old festivals and to convert the pagan festival carols into Christmas carols. A great amount of care must have been taken in choosing the melodies, for they have worn well.

I do not mean to minimize the effect that both the sacred and secular spirit of Christmas have upon the popularity of carols. But it is apparent that the choice of melodies also has played a major role in retaining this popularity. The carols which are least sung and played these days are those written in the last couple of centuries and not the ancient ones. Since we still enjoy today the melodies our ancestors of two, three, five, or nine centuries ago enjoyed, there is something in all this about the continuity and the universality of popular music taste, but I'm not going into that here.

When I mentioned before that surroundings have little to do with one's enjoyment of Christmas carols, I was thinking, particularly, of my experiences in two Christmasses at sea. One December we were sailing in the Caribbean Sea, only about ten degrees from the Equator, and the sun was so hot we were not allowed on deck without shirts for fear of extreme sunburn. We had left the States only a week or two before Christmas and some of the men had stowed a Christmas tree into one of the holds. Late afternoon on Christmas Eve, the tree was brought up and placed on the forecastle.

It was a tree about ten feet high and it had survived quite well in the hold. In the early evening an announcement was made that anyone interested in carolling should gather around the tree. Many of us did. But the few hours the tree had spent in the tropical sun were too much for it. We viewed a tree that was nothing but barren branches. At the foot of the tree was a pile of rapidly browning fir needles. This setting did nothing to diminish the enjoyment of singing carols. We even sang "O Christmas Tree" with its reference to "Your boughs so green."

Although most of us associated Christmas with cold weather and snow, we had no difficulty adjusting ourselves to this new setting for Christmas, and the singing of carols had a lot to do with that adjustment.

Another December our ship was in the North Atlantic at Christmas time. We experienced on Christmas Eve, and for several endless days afterward, the biggest storm any of us had seen before or have seen since. It was of hurricane proportions and it lasted for days. We had had some warning from the elements themselves, but not from any weather bureau. North Atlantic storms are highly unpredictable and no weather bureau was situ-

ated close enough to interpret storm warnings. The wind started building up at noon and by evening the waves were whipped to frightening size. No one was permitted on deck except for the greatest necessity. Lines were lashed along the deck to keep anyone who did get out from being washed overboard by the waves which, occasionally, reached to the bridge a height of 65 feet from the water line.

But it was Christmas Eve. Early in the evening a group started gathering in the mess hall to sing carols. Our organ was a pump model used for Chapel services on Sunday. It was carried to the mess hall by twice the number of men needed to lift it, but half of the men were holding the other half up. The organ was lashed to an upright and two men sat on either side of the organist to keep him from falling off the bench when the ship rolled. The rest of us held on to other uprights or to the mess tables which were secured to the deck. And while the ship rolled and pitched as if it were a toy in the hands of a playful boy, we sang carols.

At that time there was no peace on earth, and it was difficult, in that stormy sea, even to visualize peace. But we sang of Peace, and I think we found it



despite the harrowing experience through which we were going. Peace or the promise of Peace was present in every carol. Even in these most unusual surroundings and circumstances, the carols brought with them the same warmth and the same joy that they bring to the quiet of our homes.

They have been with us a long

time now, these Christmas carols. They have been used and abused in a manner no other type of song has experienced and survived. If they could become worn out, they would have disappeared centuries ago. So one thing, happily, is sure. These same Christmas carols are going to be with us each year for a long time to come.



## THE GLEAMING TRACKLESS SNOW

The gleaming trackless snow  
Entices thoroughfare;  
Each footstep as I go  
Creates a blemish there,  
But forward still I trudge  
And 'though this mars the scene,  
The wind removes the smudge  
Wherever I have been.

Just so the New Year dawns  
Unentered, undefiled;  
To tread its marathons  
I venture forth, a child.  
Across the pathless maze  
I see a Hand Divine:  
Lord, do Thyself efface  
Each erring step of mine.

—FRANCES BAUMBACH

# A CHRISTMAS GARLAND

*Compiled by the EDITORS OF THE CRESSET*

## Voices Before Sunrise

Jesus, Thy Church with longing eyes for Thine expected coming waits. When will the promised Light arise, and glory beam from Zion's gates?

+

O Thou Who art come a Light to them that sat in darkness, shine upon our hearts in these last days so that in Thy light we may see light and by that light may walk surely amid the uncertainties and fears of this life to the glory of the life everlasting.

+

For bringing us once more to this season of happy expectation, we thank Thee; beseeching Thee nevertheless shortly to crown our expectation with fulfillment, our watching with the revelation of Thy true self.

+

For those who have not known Thee; for those who, having known Thee, have forgotten Thee; for those who, knowing Thee, have feared to follow Thee—O merciful Savior, hear us.

For Thy ancient people who,

in loyalty to the old covenant, have rejected the new; for the nameless multitudes who daily choose Barabbas in preference to Thee; for the powers of this world who cast lots beneath Thy Cross; for the dead whose lives are spent in burying the dead—Son of Mary, hear us.

For Thy people of the new covenant who follow Thee a long way off; for the ministers of Thy Gospel who grow weary in well-doing; for Thy lonely ones who forget the seven thousand whom Thou has reserved unto Thyself in Israel—Son of God, hear us.

For ourselves, as we meditate anew upon familiar glories and for those like ourselves who have lost their sense of wonder—O merciful Savior, hear us.

And grant that we may all recover the grace of humility, the glory of adoration;

That in the presence of the Mystery of all mysteries, we may be silent and let Thee speak;

That as Thou speakest, our hearts may be moved to speak to Thee in prayer for those



things which are the true needs of our souls;

And that thus in us, as once in time, the Word may become flesh and dwell within us, full of grace and truth.

+

## For the First Sunday In Advent

*Oh, come, Oh, come, Emmanuel,  
And ransom captive Israel  
That mourns in lonely exile here  
Until the Son of God appear.  
Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel  
Shall come to thee, O Israel.*

■

God, who commanded the light to shine out of darkness, hath shined in our hearts, to give the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ.

But we have this treasure in earthen vessels, that the excellency of the power may be of God, and not of us.

We are troubled on every side, yet not distressed; we are perplexed, but not in despair;

Persecuted, but not forsaken; cast down, but not destroyed;

Always bearing about in the body the dying of the Lord Jesus, that the life also of Jesus might be made manifest in our body.

For we know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle

were dissolved, we have a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.

For in this we groan, earnestly desiring to be clothed upon with our house which is from heaven:

If so be that being clothed we shall not be found naked.

For we that are in this tabernacle do groan, being burdened: not for that we would be unclothed, but clothed upon, that mortality might be swallowed up of life.

Now he that hath wrought us for the selfsame thing is God, who also hath given unto us the earnest of the Spirit.

Therefore we are always confident, knowing that, whilst we are at home in the body, we are absent from the Lord:

(For we walk by faith, not by sight:)

We are confident, I say, and willing rather to be absent from the body, and to be present with the Lord.

Wherefore we labour, that, whether present or absent, we may be accepted of him.

—II Corinthians 4:6-10; 5:1-9

■

*Stir up, we beseech Thee, Thy power, O Lord, and come, that by Thy protection we may be rescued from the threatening*

*perils of our sins and saved by Thy mighty deliverance; who livest and reignest with the Father and the Holy Ghost, ever one God, world without end.*

—The Collect for the  
First Sunday in Advent

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### For the Second Sunday In Advent

*Hail to the Lord's Anointed,  
Great David's greater Son!  
Hail, in the time appointed,  
His reign on earth begun!  
He comes to break oppression,  
To set the captive free,  
To take away transgression,  
And rule in equity.*

And the scribes and Pharisees brought unto him a woman taken in adultery; and when they had set her in the midst,

They say unto him, Master, this woman was taken in adultery, in the very act.

Now Moses in the law commanded us, that such should be stoned: but what sayest thou?

This they said, tempting him, that they might have to accuse him. But Jesus stooped down and with his finger wrote on the ground, as though he heard them not.

So when they continued ask-

ing him, he lifted up himself, and said unto them, He that is without sin among you, let him first cast a stone at her.

And again he stooped down, and wrote on the ground.

And they which heard it, being convicted by their own conscience, went out one by one, beginning at the eldest, even unto the last: and Jesus was left alone, and the woman standing in the midst.

When Jesus had lifted up himself, and saw none but the woman, he said unto her, Woman, where are those thine accusers? hath no man condemned thee?

She said, No man, Lord. And Jesus said unto her, Neither do I condemn thee: go, and sin no more.

—St. John 8:3-11

*Stir up our hearts, O Lord, to make ready the way of Thine only-begotten Son, so that by His coming we may be enabled to serve Thee with pure minds; through the same Jesus Christ, Thy Son, our Lord, who liveth and reigneth with Thee and the Holy Ghost, ever one God, world without end.*

—The Collect for the  
Second Sunday in Advent



## For the Third Sunday In Advent

*Enter now my waiting heart,  
Glorious King and Lord most  
holy.*

*Dwell in me and ne'er depart,  
Though I am but poor and  
lowly.*

*Ah, what riches will be mine  
When Thou art my Guest  
Divine!*



Thus saith the Lord; A voice was heard in Ramah, lamentation, and bitter weeping; Rahel weeping for her children refused to be comforted for her children, because they were not.

Thus saith the Lord: Refrain thy voice from weeping, and thine eyes from tears: for thy work shall be rewarded, saith the Lord; and they shall come again from the land of the enemy.

And there is hope in thine end, saith the Lord, that thy children shall come again to their own border.

I have surely heard Ephraim bemoaning himself thus; Thou hast chastised me, and I was chastised, as a bullock unaccustomed to the yoke: turn thou me, and I shall be turned; for thou art the Lord my God.

Surely after that I was turned, I repented; and after that I was

instructed, I smote upon my thigh: I was ashamed, yea, even confounded, because I did bear the reproach of my youth.

Behold the days come, saith the Lord, that I will make a new covenant with the house of Israel, and with the house of Judah:

Not according to the covenant that I made with their fathers in the day that I took them by the hand to bring them out of the land of Egypt; which my covenant they brake, although I was an husband unto them, saith the Lord:

But this shall be the covenant that I will make with the house of Israel; After those days, saith the Lord, I will put my law in their inward parts, and write it in their hearts; and will be their God, and they shall be my people.

And they shall teach no more every man his neighbour, and every man his brother, saying, Know the Lord: for they shall all know me, from the least of them unto the greatest of them, saith the Lord: for I will forgive their iniquity, and I will remember their sin no more.

—Jeremiah 31:15-19, 31-34



*Lord, we beseech Thee, give  
ear to our prayers and lighten*

*the darkness of our hearts by Thy gracious visitation; who livest and reignest with the Father and the Holy Ghost, ever one God, world without end.*

—The Collect for the  
Third Sunday in Advent

\* \* \*

### **For the Fourth Sunday In Advent**

*Now let all the heavens adore  
Thee,*

*Let men and angels sing before  
Thee*

*With harp and cymbal's clearest  
tone.*

*Of one pearl each shining portal,  
Where, dwelling with the choir  
immortal,*

*We gather round Thy radiant  
throne.*

*No vision ever brought,*

*No ear hath ever caught,*

*Such great glory;*

*Therefore will we, Eternally,*

*Sing hymns of joy and praise to  
Thee.*



And I beheld, and, lo, in the midst of the throne, and of the four beasts, and in the midst of the elders, stood a Lamb as it had been slain, having seven horns and seven eyes, which are the seven Spirits of God sent forth into all the earth.

And he came and took the

book out of the right hand of him that sat upon the throne.

And when he had taken the book, the four beasts and four and twenty elders fell down before the Lamb, having every one of them harps, and golden vials full of odours, which are the prayers of saints.

And they sung a new song, saying, Thou art worthy to take the book, and to open the seals thereof: for thou wast slain, and hast redeemed us to God by thy blood out of every kindred, and tongue, and people, and nation;

And hast made us unto our God kings and priests: and we shall reign on the earth.

And I beheld, and I heard the voice of many angels round about the throne and the beasts and the elders: and the number of them was ten thousand times ten thousand, and thousands of thousands;

Saying with a loud voice, Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honour, and glory, and blessing.

And every creature which is in heaven, and on the earth, and under the earth, and such as are in the sea, and all that are in them, heard I saying, Blessing, and honour, and glory, and power, be unto him that sitteth



upon the throne, and unto the Lamb for ever and ever.

—The Revelation of  
St. John 5:6-13.



*Stir up, O Lord, we beseech Thee, Thy power and come and with great might succor us that by the help of Thy grace whatsoever is hindered by our sins may be speedily accomplished through Thy mercy and satisfaction; who livest and reignest with the Father and the Holy Ghost, ever one God, world without end.*

—The Collect for the  
Fourth Sunday in Advent

\* \* \*

## For the Feast of the Nativity of Our Lord

*Beside Thy cradle here I stand,  
O Thou that ever livest,  
And bring Thee with a willing hand*

*The very gifts Thou givest.  
Accept me; 'tis my mind and heart,*

*My soul, my strength, my every part  
That Thou from me requirest.*



Verily, verily, I say unto thee, We speak that we do know, and testify that we have seen; and ye receive not our witness.

If I have told you earthly

things, and ye believe not, how shall ye believe, if I tell you of heavenly things?

And no man hath ascended up to heaven, but he that came down from heaven, even the Son of man which is in heaven.

And as Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of man be lifted up:

That whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have eternal life.

For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.

For God sent not his Son into the world to condemn the world; but that the world through him might be saved.

He that believeth on him is not condemned: but he that believeth not is condemned already, because he hath not believed in the name of the only begotten Son of God.

And this is the condemnation, that light is come into the world, and men loved darkness rather than light because their deeds were evil.

For every one that doeth evil hateth the light, neither cometh to the light, lest his deeds should be reproved.

But he that doeth truth com-  
eth to the light, that his deeds  
may be made manifest, that they  
are wrought in God.

—St. John 3:11-21



*Grant, we beseech Thee, Al-  
mighty God, that the new birth  
of Thine only begotten Son in*

*the flesh may set us free, who  
are held in the old bondage  
under the yoke of sin; through  
the same Jesus Christ, Thy Son,  
our Lord, Who liveth and reign-  
eth with Thee and the Holy  
Ghost, ever one God, world with-  
out end.*

—The Collect for  
Christmas Day



## ROYAL GUEST

I house within a royal Guest  
For whom I set forth meagre rations,  
Though he deserves a bounteous best

And longs perhaps for starry crumbs  
Or delicate, cloud-light collations  
To lift between transparent thumbs,

With wine passed from the grapes of dream  
And mellowed under thoughtful slanting  
To win an ultramundane gleam.

What chronicles would recompense  
The host who served such fare, supplanting  
A gallimaufry stirred by sense?

—LORI PETRI



# The Emergent Religion of Democracy

## For the Feast of the Nativity of Our Lord

By MARTIN E. MARTY

In dealing with the octopus, an antagonist finds it essential to remember the seven arms he is not fighting at the moment. It is easy for him to become involved with one, to be so absorbed in the battle at hand that he does not remember that seven other arms of the same monster may grasp and choke him.

An above-water version of such a struggle may be revealing itself in America today in the concern of Protestants in the realm of church-state relationships. They are fighting many battles—released time, Vatican ambassadors, conscientious objection; yet it is possible that they have neglected a more formidable threat.

This threat presents itself in the form of a secular national faith in democracy and its values as religious ultimates. It is perhaps an old faith, but it has never been promoted with the vigor it knows today. Non-theological, it is patronizing to-

ward and not always too critical of traditional religions. It may especially lean toward Christian terms and parallels. But ultimately it finds faiths other than its own irrelevant. Yet the representatives of other religions are doing little to face this faith. Often they unwittingly aid it, sharing a fool's paradise with a contemporary spirit that for the moment finds religious terms and values to be respectable and helpful in national life.

To fail to notice this religion of democracy as expressed today could lead to fatal conclusions for the Church. While churchmen have been tending the "wall of separation," something has been astride the wall that makes it unimportant in the first place. This something is the emergent faith which appropriates what it finds useful in both church and state toward a democratic end. It cannot be lightly dismissed as a confusion of terms. To speak of democracy as a religion as it prophets do is not the same as to speak of democracy as an ideal, a way of life. It is their term, not our

judgment—and they prove their right to it. If in a religion we look for depth of experience, concern for the totality of man, for practical expression, for ultimate answers, we can turn here, they say.

This article proposes to listen mainly to spokesmen of the liberal form of this faith, its most attractive and articulate expression. Any number of representatives could have been chosen to speak for it; our choice is not wholly arbitrary. One of the nation's foremost liberal clergymen describes its creed, an educator-journalist discusses its battleground (education), and a college professor in outlining its program suggests an intellectual reinforcement which academic communities would be in position to provide. Here then is the voice of the prophets.



## The Creed

Most of us are accustomed to begin a review of another religion by examining its creed. That does not always tell us too much, and in this case it tells us very little. It would be unfair to expect a clear "theological" statement from a secular, humanistic faith. Here devotion and feeling is stressed; this is well phrased in a recent judgment

on the President's faith as being "a very fervent faith in a very vague religion." Yet some content is provided for this vague form. Notable among those who seek to outline its creed is A. Powell Davies, a Unitarian who is among Washington's most respected preachers.

His book titles reveal him to be an "unrepentant liberal," writing of "America's real religion." It has been suggested that to read him would convince the doubter that Washington, Jefferson, and other founding fathers believed thoroughly in the "religion of democracy." His new *Man's Vast Future* begins with a formal attempt at stating "Democracy as a Faith." It is typical, comprehensive, probably acceptable to other adherents of this faith. We quote at length:

The democratic faith is a belief that man, if he resolves upon it, can raise the level of his life indefinitely, making the world increasingly more happy, more just, and more good; no fate has made him prisoner of his circumstances, no natural weakness has condemned him to be ruled by tyranny. He is meant to be free. Through the power of reason he can form intelligent opinions, and by discussion and definition can test them, knowing that truth is precious above



all things and the only safe guide to purposes and aims, the right to seek it must be held inviolate.

And the democratic faith declares that human rights are by their nature universal, that liberty is such a right, and that without liberty there cannot be justice; that to ensure justice, the people should make the laws under which they live; that besides justice there should be benevolence and sympathy, that those doctrines of religion which beseech mankind to practice brotherhood are right; that love must expel hate, and good will take the place of malice; that as well as zeal there must be patience and forbearance, and that persuasion is better than coercion; that none should hold the people in contempt, or profane the sacredness of conscience, or deny the worth of human life; and finally, that God and history are on the side of freedom, justice, love, and righteousness, and man will therefore, be it soon or late, achieve a world society of peace and happiness where all are free and none shall be afraid.

This, of course, is a familiar creed. Superimposed as a political ideology on a foundation of other religions, it would probably be acceptable in many ways. What is important here, though, is that this is to be the religious foundation—other religions are

considered unimportant and probably obstructive. Davies makes that clear for himself in his attacks on the Christian Creed. He complains that the comma separating "born of the Virgin Mary, suffered under Pontius Pilate" leaves out the only really significant feature of Christianity—the life and example of Jesus.

Though evidently warmed by the cold war and fed on the confusion and fear of our day, this is not a new creed or new effort. Space permits one example out of an embarrassing richness. Here is the word of a liberal churchman at the turn of the century:

We of America are the "peculiar people" consecrated to that "mission" of realizing Democracy [which] is potentially a universal spiritual principle, aye, a religion...men like Washington, Samuel Adams, Jefferson, Lincoln, [should be] placed literally in a calendar of saints to be revered by our future Americans as apostles of our Republic.

This again is the creed encountered by Christian parsons in countless calls on "living-room deists"; it is predominant in letters-to-editors columns and opinion polls and magazine articles on religion. Neither its appeal nor its extent should be under-

estimated because of its vagueness.



## The Battleground

The religion of democracy is by its very nature militant. It seeks no windmills to fight. It has a battleground: public education. The old evil foe here is religious education and breaches in the wall of separation of church and state in public schools—the realm where the great battles of religious freedom are being and will be fought in the foreseeable future. The spokesman here is Mrs. Agnes Meyer, wife of the editor of the *Washington Post*. She has devoted her major efforts of recent years to a valiant literary and legal encounter with Roman Catholic and Protestant “breaches of the wall” in the schools.

For her, John Dewey is “the most religious of contemporary thinkers.” A Roman opponent aims low in suggesting that her opposition to religious education is based on her memory of her brother’s unhappy experience in a Lutheran parochial school and on “a few tired, old cliches she has picked up from speeches critical of parochial schools.” Her attack is on a higher level. It is a necessary expression of a

positive, consistent faith.

Although Mrs. Meyer is a Lutheran, her real ideological roots are, with Davies and the others, in the Locke-Jefferson tradition. Not only America’s liberal past serves as a ground for her. So conservative a document as the Constitution is “anything but irreligious.” It has

positive views on the subject of religion...preserving and carrying over into the secular realm much of the idealism which had been identified with religion... a specifically Christian philosophy that can never be lost is closely interwoven with its principles, and with our democratic thought and action.

She agrees with Commager that public education has become the American religion...The schools are the noblest manifestation of the religion of the Constitution, and are by no means ‘Godless’ as contemporary ecclesiastical critics would have us believe.

Such noble institutions are worthy of noble defense. Mrs. Meyer provides just that, proclaiming the secular tolerance of religious diversity which alone makes brotherhood possible in our country...This spiritual unity is the saving grace of democracy and its real defense against to-



talitarianism or against the divisive influence of sectarianism. Therefore what can justly be called the unifying mission of secularism has a sanctity all its own. Rightly understood and valued, secularism will accelerate its Christian democratic mission to make us all brothers of one another.

When we realize, moreover, that the Public School is the chief vehicle for mutual love, forgiveness, and tolerance between all races, classes, and creeds, it becomes an act of vandalism to attack it and an act of piety to work toward its improvement.

On this premise she attacks the impious "medieval-minded clergy," with their "outworn authoritarian verbalism." Religious differences are trivial:

The school needs all of its time to improve the education of our children and to center upon the task of developing the morality and strength of character that are ideals common to men of all religious faiths...the secularization of the schools was a positive movement to embody in American education the interaction of the real and the ideal, upon which both democracy and active Christianity depend. Whenever a human being strives upward for self-development, goodness, and concern for others, there the divine will is active... Democracy can generate a sys-

tem of moral principles...a secular morality.

*Commonweal*, the liberal Catholic journal, recognizes Mrs. Meyer as *the* national spokesman of "democracy as a religion, or a substitute for religion, a rival to religion, or [a reduction of] religion to the role of its political handmaiden." It is not hard to see why. It recognizes here thoughtfulness, seriousness, coherence, sincerity. But it also sees the danger when democracy exists in order to answer "the ultimate why's," and the public schools are its seminaries. Her views find considerable company and support; he who wishes to observe this emergent faith in action will see it best in the battle for the schools.



## The Program

Religions tend to solidify and settle into dogmatic formalism. A typical formalist of this faith is a worshiping Quaker, J. Paul Williams, of Mount Holyoke College. Two years ago he wrote a conventional popular review of religion in America, *What Americans Believe and How They Worship*. "Unfortunately the book has a thesis," said one reviewer. It appears in the last chapter, "The Role of Religion in Shaping American Destiny." It provides chilling bedtime

reading for the traditional Christian, especially if one agrees with J. H. Nichols that "Professor Williams' program has perhaps an even chance of succeeding, at least so far as a state religion is concerned." I recommend it as a starting point, should anyone reading this article need to be awakened from a "dogmatic slumber."

Williams argues that Americans do not have enough faith, courage, and stamina to preserve what democracy they possess, to gain more, and to play a democratic role on the world stage. He has a program: Americans must come to look on the democratic ideal "as the Will of God, or, if they please, the Law of Nature...democracy must become an object of religious dedication." Churches and synagogues, whose current teachings are harmless alternative symbols for universal needs, should teach democracy as religion, as ultimate metaphysical truth. But they are limited in reach and understanding; therefore, governmental agencies must teach the democratic ideal *as religion*—they reach all citizens! "Systematic and universal indoctrination is essential." Williams, too, eventually turns to the schools because they are in the most strategic position to

arouse religious devotion for democracy. Schools now treat democracy as an item of *religious* faith only accidentally and unsystematically, so two elements need stress.

One is *metaphysical sanctions*, "open indoctrination of the faith that the democratic ideal accords with ultimate reality...that democracy is the very Law of Life." Embarrassed at the vagueness of the creed, Williams urges living according to it before agreeing on it without evoking "the specters of the naturalist-super-naturalist debate."

The other element is *ceremonial reinforcement* which would recall and glorify the set of values believed to have metaphysical sanction, self-appraisal in light of those values, and re-dedication to living according to the standards sanctioned by those values, to produce a "devotion to democratic ideals like the devotion given by ardent believers in every age to the traditional religions."

Williams finds company in the top educators' and thinkers' report of the second conference on the "Scientific Spirit and Democratic Faith." It breathes the same air while attacking other authoritarianisms and is summarized in a remark on the last page:



A working democracy would be modern religion at work. . . If we really set to work to integrate the values which we recognize as democratic values in life, we will have done the religious job.



## Official Support

In all this there is no god but democracy—and these are its prophets. We have heard the respected, intelligent, reasonable advocates of a “high religion.” On a lower level are the unrealistic and unfair efforts to provide a “Christian amendment to the Constitution.” Still less sophisticated and more primitive, the “low religion” of this type, is the hyper-nationalism which idolizes the American nation as a nation, makes a totem of its flag, a fetish of its institutions, and self-righteously identifies its cause always with God’s. If we open our eyes to these varieties of religious experience we may come to the conclusion that this is already America’s dominant faith.

Should we seek further evidence, we would do well to note the popular response to the moderate expression of the democratic-American faith as it comes from the White House. All politicians are said to know the value of a “well-placed God” in

their speeches. But today we have the phenomenon of a man who first joins the church after his election to highest office, who finds theological discussion and differences totally irritating and irrelevant, who speaks above criticism with patent sincerity, evoking a popular response. A favorable press is doing what it has not done for many a president: comparing him in religion to Washington and Lincoln. How does Mr. Eisenhower articulate this faith? Here is a variety of his expressions:

I believe in democracy.

A democracy cannot exist without a religious base.

Free government is the expression of a deeply felt religious faith.

You cannot simply explain free government in any other terms than religious.

This is the faith that teaches us all that we are children of God.

This faith teaches us that our ideals of democracy and freedom . . . are eternal laws of the human spirit.

The founding fathers wrote this religious faith into our founding documents. . . they put it squarely at the base of our institutions.

Happily our people have always reserved their first allegiance to the kingdom of the spirit.

America is the mightiest power which God has yet seen fit to put upon his footstool.

America is great because she is good.

At this point we can pose the crucial question. All the expressions of this faith appeal to the founding fathers, to the American past, especially to the liberals of the Franklin-Jefferson-Madison and later the Lincoln type. ("With Lincoln the Union rose to the sublimity of religious mysticism.") This raises the significant question whether this treatment of democracy as a religion is vital to American political and social life and to its survival, whether it is an integral part of our heritage, whether, in short, it was written into and breathed into the documents and sentiments in which our freedom and way of life take their root. Is it irremovably interwoven by its very nature?

No easy answer is available, of course. One clue to be noted is the resurgence of this faith in times of crises: in the Revolution, in the liberal encounter with the Hamiltonians, in the period surrounding the Civil War and the two World Wars, and especially now. It is in such periods, we know, that America becomes curious about its past. It rereads its fathers, re-examin-

ing its foundations. Is it an accident that at such times many tend to come up with a view of democracy as a religious type of faith? Is the great experiment of religious freedom really an experiment, or did the founders bring such overpowering presuppositions out of the "climate of opinion" of the eighteenth century that they color every subsequent living expression? In any case, what alternatives present themselves?



## The Alternatives

Perhaps this is not a historic faith. Perhaps its prophets today and their predecessors in earlier crises just "invented" it to meet certain needs. In that case, their appeal to the "fathers" is unjust or inaccurate.

Perhaps it is a historic faith, but a dead one. Perhaps the "fathers" did propound such a view, valid for their day but not for ours, which should be abandoned as obsolete and inadequate.

Perhaps it is the historic faith of some of the "fathers," those of the liberal, Jeffersonian type, but its prophets overrate its total importance. The extremely significant Non-Conformist-Puritan tradition in American religion, for example, may balance



or cancel it. What was the church of the period saying about this "religion of humanity"? Did it so share the view of the age that the church has lost its prophetic voice? If it did, must we who follow them in years also follow them in faith?

Perhaps it is a historic faith which does not or need not concern us. Simply to recognize that it is or was an ideology would be enough in that case.

Perhaps it is a historic faith that can be encountered through theological criticism, review, and reconstruction. The Christian past and especially the Lutheran and Calvinistic Reformation may be of help.

A theological criticism on this basis would prove to the heirs of the Reformation that an "either/or" is involved between this religion and Christianity. They are not compatibles or allies. This form of democracy, the religious form, has an optimistic view of human nature and progress, an inadequate basis for human rights and equality, and a foreign "way of salvation" and goal. All of this

prevents it from being acceptable in place of or in addition to Christianity, despite a blurring of the line which separates the two on the part of well-meaning adherents of the one or the other.

Perhaps, finally, it is possible to keep the form of this faith without its content. Is the only alternative to be found in Sidney Mead's observation that American Protestantism has not yet digested the "enlightenment" nor been willing to regurgitate its practice of freedom? We would share the unwillingness to do the latter. To attempt the former would begin with a re-reading of the American "fathers" and a re-evaluation of what they believed and said. This may lead to digestion of the "Enlightenment"—or to indigestion. It is the chance one takes. It must be taken. It could be doing democracy a service, rescuing it from those who love it not wisely but too well, who seek to enthrone it. It could show democracy its rightful place, and help men continue to share the benefits of the invaluable heritage of freedom.

# What Do You Believe?

By E. J. BULS

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Faith has been emphasized within the Christian Church, particularly since the Reformation, and it is still so often the object of discussion that there are probably few other concepts so widely known and so well understood, not only within the church but outside it.

Perhaps, because of this emphasis, there is rarely a serious argument about the nature and function of faith but there is often an amazing ignorance concerning the foundations of that faith. This is true not only of those who are outside the Kingdom of Grace, but sometimes even of those who by background and training should be expected to have a clear understanding of the relationship between faith and the object of that faith.

It is certainly important *that* I believe or *that* you believe, but it is equally important that we understand and clearly recognize *what* we believe.

Faith may be likened to an anchor and its chain, which pro-

vide a connection between a ship and the floor of the harbor. If the anchor is firmly held, the ship can ride out a storm. If there is no firm hold for the anchor, the ship begins to drift and is in danger no matter how strong the anchor and its chain may be. Thus it is with man; no matter how strong his faith may be, it is useless unless it is firmly attached to something that is eternally secure.

*What* we, as Christians, believe is of course beautifully summarized in the three great creeds of Christendom. Yet there is a fundamental assumption, a basic premise, that underlies all three creeds, and unless we begin there these creeds have little meaning and are entirely without value.

I am not suggesting that the Athanasian, Apostles, and Nicene Creeds are unimportant or that we can at will accept or reject them in whole or in part. But I am suggesting that none of the statements in any of these creeds has any value or signifi-



cance, no matter how fervently they are believed, unless they are believed by a forgiven sinner.

To be a forgiven sinner implies that man first of all recognize and admit that he is a sinner, that he confess his guilt, and that he accept the forgiveness obtained through the suffering and death of his Savior. Unless man thus becomes a forgiven sinner it doesn't matter much what he believes, and certainly nothing that he believes or does is evidence of Christianity.

It is therefore of little importance that man admits the existence of God—the devils also admit it and tremble. The impenitent, furthermore, believe what is completely untrue when they believe that God is good. They will find Him to be a stern judge, meting out justice, that is, damnation for their sins. One might go on endlessly, enumerating the things that many men believe, but until they become penitent sinners, their faith is wholly senseless.

One is reminded of the parable of the foolish virgins who, invited to the wedding, made extensive preparations, and were ready in every respect but one—they had forgotten to fill their lamps with oil. By the time they had corrected that

little oversight it was too late. It was the one item of preparation that was critical.

Beyond the obvious importance of understanding the relationship of our faith to the object of that faith for the sake of our own salvation, there is need here for clear thinking with respect to a current situation.

It seems that the events of the last two decades—atomic bombs, cold war, concentration camps, brain washings, cruelty, and terrorism—have pretty well torn away the security man has tried to build with secular interests, rational thought, and material resources, and reached through to man himself.

Man has thus come to re-discover that he is a weak and helpless creature and been brought to the point where, to some degree at least, he is willing to look elsewhere for help, comfort, and strength. There is thus a revival of interest in religion. There is abundant evidence for this reawakened interest, and it occurs so frequently, in such varied situations and sometimes in such unusual and unexpected places, that there is no mistaking the fact.

It becomes important now that the Christian distinguish that which is truly Christian

from that which is not, lest he be carried along by a current of popular thought which may carry him far from his Savior. The criterion for evaluating the present trend consists, of course, in looking for evidences of contrition, repentance, and the Savior.

However, even a casual examination of the outward manifestations of this phenomenon reveals that some of it consists of little more than a sober mien and a vacant stare, and some of it is only an emotional release of inner tensions resulting from conflicts in business, politics, or the home. But much of it does seem to be based on a recognition of the existence of God, on an assumption of God's goodness, and probably on a recognition of God as the source of peace and prosperity—all of which are worthy attitudes.

Some of this is obviously not Christian no matter how popular or important the individuals who espouse it or however dignified the setting in which it appears. There is, moreover, in this entire revival of religious interest very little to indicate that any large number of people have discovered or accepted the essence of Christianity.

There is, nevertheless, cause for rejoicing in all this. A re-

vival of interest in religion certainly indicates that human beings are again turning toward the ultimate source of spiritual and material hope and help. It indicates, it seems to me, that we are now entering a period in which the intellectual and emotional atmosphere may be particularly favorable to the extension of the Kingdom of Grace.

The Church dare not at this time sit back and smugly proclaim: "You see, we were right all along"; nor dare it be content only with castigating error or, worse yet, shun all contact with the movement for fear of defiling itself. One of the remarkable and sometimes overlooked facts of the life of Christ on earth is this, that He spent all but a few moments of it with sinners. The Church can do no less.

The Church can not blame the leaderless for not having found the way. The Church has the opportunity and the responsibility for providing that leadership and must, with all the vigor at its command, use its resources—spiritual and intellectual, material and human—to provide effective leadership, lest it be accused by its Master of having become a whitened sepulcher.



# Letter from Xanadu, Nebr.

Dear Editor:

Well, sir, Christmas is almost here again, and from all signs it is going to be the best Christmas ever. Sales at the store are already running two percent above last year, and the busiest part of the season is still ahead.

We're making a big thing of Christmas here in Xanadu this year. For one thing, we are starting a new tradition. Every morning at eight, we play "White Christmas" over the loudspeaker above the Town Hall. Every noon, we play "Rudolph, The Red-Nosed Reindeer". And at five o'clock in the evening, we play that record of Bing Crosby singing "Silent Night." There are a few soreheads here in town who object to "Silent Night" because they claim that it is mixing church and state to have religious music played from the Town Hall, but these guys are chronic objectors anyway, so nuts to them. Nowadays, with cars and all, people don't have to trade in this town or that, and if Xanadu can't give them

a little Christmas atmosphere they will take their business to some town that will.

Anyway, what's wrong with a little sentiment? I'm a practical man, as practical as they come, but I say that a few weeks out of a whole year isn't too much to give to a little healthy sentimentality. I'm not ashamed to admit that when I hear "Silent Night" on a cold winter evening it makes me think back to when I was a boy out on the farm, and sometimes I get to blubbering a little, and then I feel better. It's a sort of release of tension, if you know what I mean, and it seems to me that we would all be less fidgety and jittery if we did let loose once in a while. As far as being practical is concerned, there is always the job of year-end inventory coming up right after Christmas, and there is nothing like inventorying to snap you out of the Christmas spirit. Besides, you've got to think of the kids. Us old duffers know well enough that there isn't any Santa Claus, but it won't do the kids any harm once a year to hear something about peace on earth and goodwill to men. I don't believe in pushing kids into real life too soon. Let them enjoy being young, I say.

We've started something else

here in town this year, too. I and a lot of other people always have felt that it was a sort of duty to take baskets of food and clothes to the folks down by the creek sometime during the holidays—and I never much minded the cost, even though they are a pretty shiftless lot and wouldn't be where they are if they had any gumption in them—but it sort of spoiled an otherwise happy season to have to go down there and see how those people live. So instead of going down there individually this year, what we are doing is throwing ten bucks apiece into what we call The Good Fairy Fund, and the Merchants Association is going to make up Good Fairy Surprise Kits to distribute to these poor people. It's a lot more efficient this way and it's a real time-saver in a month when there isn't enough time to do all of the things that need to be done anyway.

Sometime this week, I want to get all of my Christmas shopping done so that I won't be rushing around at the last minute like I usually do. Several years ago, the Missus and I decided that we had had enough of surprising each other with gifts that it turned out neither of us wanted, so we experimented with the idea of each of us giving the

other what he really wanted for himself and then exchanging these gifts on Christmas afternoon. And we liked the idea so well that we have kept it up. So I'm giving her a pool table this year, and I have an idea she is giving me a hostess wagon. You ought to try this idea sometime. It's a sure-fire way of avoiding those cold stares and double-edged remarks that used to make the week after Christmas such a grim thing around our place.

Tomorrow night, we are having the new teacher and his wife over for supper. I told you several months ago that he is a young guy, fresh out of college, and that he had some ideas that probably wouldn't set too well with the congregation. Well, he's worked up a Christmas Eve program that will blow things sky-high around here if he tries to put it through, and I'm hoping I can take him aside after supper and acquaint him with some of the realities of the situation around here. The fact is that we have had the same Christmas Eve program every year since I was a kid and it has gotten to be a sort of tradition. It's a skit, sort of, and it just wouldn't seem like Christmas if we couldn't see Hulda Schnorkel and Gus Panzer playing the

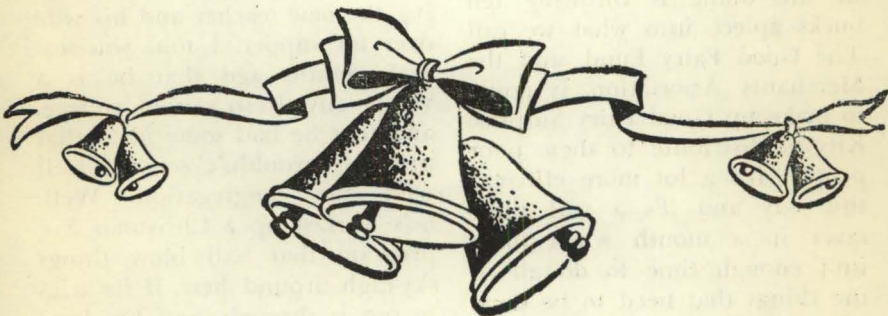


parts of Mary and Joseph. They've been doing it for 43 years now and it would break their hearts if they were told that they weren't wanted this year. And I don't think that it was very charitable of the

teacher to wisecrack that Mary didn't wear a hearing aid. After all, it's not Hulda's fault that she is deaf.

Best regards, etc.

G. G.



# Music and MUSIC MAKERS

By WALTER A. HANSEN

As I write this column I am brimful of enthusiasm and downright excitement. Less than twenty-four hours ago I heard a memorable concert presented by the world-famous Concertgebouw Orchestra, of Amsterdam, Holland, which, under the patronage of the Queen of The Netherlands, is now making its first tour of the United States.

Rafael Kubelik, son of Jan Kubelik (died in 1940) who was a mighty wizard of the violin, conducted the orchestra—the orchestra which was founded in 1888 by the able and forward-looking Willem Kes, was for many years under the direction of Willem Mengelberg, and now has Eduard van Beinum as its principal conductor.

Kes, by the way, abolished the long-established custom of serving coffee, tea, and beer at concerts and raised the standard of the programs.

I have long been an ardent admirer of the grace and the incisiveness of Kubelik's conducting. This forty-year-old Czech is a master in his field. His musicianship is as solid as it is sen-

sitive. When he conducts, every fiber of his being is aglow with sincerity and intenseness. He has firm and clear-cut convictions, and I am sure that he can defend his views on the basis of learning which would put many another conductor—and many a carping critic—to shame.

After beginning the concert with *The Star-Spangled Banner* and the national anthem of The Netherlands (*Wilhelmus van Nassouwe*) the great Concertgebouw Orchestra played a composition which gives eloquent expression to the sturdy patriotism of the Dutch. It was the overture which Ludwig van Beethoven wrote in 1810 for Johann Wolfgang Goethe's *Egmont*—the overture composed as a tribute to the love for freedom which, centuries ago, animated the people of the Low Countries in their struggle with, and eventual triumph over, Spanish oppression.

Kubelik's reading of the *Egmont Overture* was in complete accord with the character and the purpose of the masterpiece. Every detail was sharply etched.



The phrasing was clean and lucid. Beethoven's impressive accents received their proper due. This was orchestral playing at its finest—playing which was in every way true to the music and founded on broad and penetrating scholarship.

How shall I describe the tone of the Concertgebouw Orchestra? It would be inaccurate to say that it has the dazzlingly brilliant sheen one often encounters in the playing of our finest American orchestras. But it would be equally out of order even to intimate that it lacks polish and luster. To my thinking, the tone of the Concertgebouw Orchestra has, to an unforgettably impressive degree, the refinement and the unmistakable purity that are the result of a wonderful blending of limpid clarity with outstanding mastery on the part of every player. It is smooth and mellow, like a choice old wine. In my opinion, its distinctive quality proves that the orchestra and those who are in charge of it recognize that, as Goethe once said, restraint is one of the hallmarks of genuine mastery.

Kubelik conducted Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart's rarely heard *Symphony No. 34, in C Major* (K. 338)—written when the composer was only twenty-four—

with meticulous attention to the polish, the melodiousness, and the crystalline clarity to be found in every measure of the beautiful, jewel-like work, which is scored for two oboes, two bassoons, two horns, two trumpets, kettledrum, and strings. To me it was evident that the able conductor, steeped as he is in the tradition of Central Europe, brought to the fore with special pertinence the essential quality of Mozart's little masterwork — a masterwork which, by subtle magic, combines Italian sunniness with Teutonic sturdiness and solidity.

*Quatre Mouvements Symphoniques*, by Guillaume Landre, a contemporary Dutch composer, revealed exceptional skill in the invention and effective utilization of striking thematic material as well as in the devising of a colorful and somewhat acidulous harmonic scheme.

Landre is a disciple of Willem Pijper (1894-1947), whose modernism at times went to extremes.

Kubelik's reading of *Quatre Mouvements Symphoniques* was admirable. As I listened to the fine work, I concluded that it is possible for The Netherlands again to achieve outstanding eminence in the field of composition.

In the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, when the Dutch school could boast of such masters as Jacob Obrecht, Johannes Ockeghem, and Jan Pieterzoon Sweelinck, no nation excelled it in the art of writing music.

In my conviction, Cesar Franck's *Symphony in D Minor*, which stood at the end of the program, sprang from deepfelt religious devotion. But conductors must be on their guard lest, by an inept reading, they make that devotion seem oppressively sweet. Some commentators find mysticism in Franck's symphony. Maybe they are right. At all events, the work abounds in a spirit of ecstasy. But Franck was not a man to cast restraint to the winds. Neither is Kubelik. The Czech conductor's exposition of the symphony was ideal in clearness of line, in pertinence of expression, in attention to structure, and in the deft control of tone and balance. It was, I believe, a performance in which Franck himself would have taken unalloyed pleasure.

Here are the names of some of the important Dutch composers of recent times: Richard Hol (1825-1904); Bernard Zweers (1854-1924); Alphons Diepenbrock (1862-1921); Johan Wagenaar (1862-1941); Willem Pijper, whom I have mentioned;

Henk Badings, born in Bandung, Indonesia, in 1907; Rudolf Escher, born in Amsterdam in 1912; Guillaume Landre, born in The Hague in 1905, now artistic director of the Concertgebouw Orchestra and president of the League of Dutch Composers; Willem van Otterloo, born in Winterswijk in 1907 and now conductor of the Residence Orchestra at The Hague.



### Foot Note on Bruckner and Mahler

Those who have been reading my writings on music and musicians know that I have consistently and warmly espoused the cause of the music of Anton Bruckner and Gustav Mahler. A few days ago I learned that the great Albert Schweitzer is on my side. In the latest edition of *Chord and Discord*, published by the Bruckner Society of America, Inc. under the editorship of Charles L. Eble, there is a letter which Dr. Schweitzer sent in June, 1952, from the *Hospital du Dr. Schweitzer*, Lambaréne (Gabon), French Equatorial Africa, to Robert G. Grey, executive secretary of the Bruckner Society. The great man wrote as follows:

My strenuous life keeps me from writing as I would like to. For this



reason my reply to your kind letter of July 30, 1951, is about a year late. Please forgive me. I am pleased that your Society, the aim of which is to arouse interest in Bruckner and Mahler in America, has been founded. In my youth I watched Bruckner's and Mahler's music take hold and must say it was a great experience for me. I heard Mahler conduct his works and was stunned when he, suffering from septicemia, returned to Europe from America a doomed man. What gifts might he still have bestowed upon us! Both are spiritually related. Their art is late romanticism. An unexpected, powerful rebirth of romantic art. And both masters, each in his own way. And I am under the impression that our era is once more learning to understand the power and depth and grandeur of their art. What I hear of musical life in Europe and America keeps this hope alive within me. There is another besides these two, Reger, who must be given to the world. I get to Europe for only short periods, unfortunately in the summer. But if I go home again during the concert season, I am going to hear Bruckner and Mahler and again become intoxicated (*berauschen*) with them. For they are the kind that do intoxicate. I cannot describe the experience of hearing their music in any other way. A thousand thanks for the publications about them which I receive through you.

With warmest greetings,

Devotedly yours,

Albert Schweitzer



## Recent Recordings

GUITAR RECITAL. *Concertino for Guitar and Orchestra*, by Guido Santorsola, a Brazilian of Italian parentage, born in 1904; *Variations*

on a Theme by Mozart, by Fernando Sor (1778-1839), called "the Beethoven of the guitar"; *Recuerdos de la Alhambra*, by Francisco Tarrega (1854-1909), famous Spanish master of the guitar; *Praeludium a la Antiqua*, by Santorsola; *Variations on a Spanish Song*, by Luise Walker; *Leonesa*, by Miguel Llobet (1875-1938); *Suite No. 1*, by Hermann Ambrosius (born in Hamburg in 1897); *Little Variations on a French Air*, by Sor; *Grenada*, from *Suite Espanola No. 1*, by Isaac Albeniz (originally for the piano). Luise Walker. —Admirable artistry. The so-called "classical" guitar is used. It has a wider neck than the ordinary instrument. The range is three full octaves, with another possible in falsetto. The Vienna Symphony Orchestra under Paul Sacher presents Santorsola's *Concertino* with the extraordinarily able soloist. 33 1/3 rpm. Epic LC-3055.

GIUSEPPE VERDI. *Requiem* (in Memory of Alessandro Manzoni). Arturo Toscanini conducting the NBC Symphony Orchestra, with the Robert Shaw Chorale under Robert Shaw. Soloists: Herva Nelli, soprano; Fedora Barbieri, mezzo-soprano; Giuseppe di Stefano, tenor; Cesare Siepi, bass. —A breathtakingly dramatic performance of a breathtakingly dramatic work. Recorded at the broadcast presentation in Carnegie Hall, New York, January 27, 1951. 33 1/3 rpm. RCA Victor LM-6018.

JULES MASSENET. *Scenes Pittoresques: Orchestral Suite No. 4* and *Scenes*

*Alsaciennes: Orchestral Suite No. 7.* The Orchestra des Concerts Lamoureux under Jean Fournet. —Exceptionally fine performances of melodious, appealing, and highly colorful music. 33 1/3 rpm. Epic LC-3053.

ROBERT SCHUMANN. *Symphony No. 4, in D Minor, Op. 120.* FRANZ LISZT. *Les Preludes: Symphonic Poem No. 3.* The Detroit Symphony Orchestra under Paul Paray. —I have never heard a more exciting performance of *Les Preludes*. The reading of Schumann's symphony is excellent. 33 1/3 rpm. Mercury MG-50036.

MAURICE RAVEL. *La Valse.* GABRIEL FAURE. *Pavane, Op. 50.* CESAR FRANCK. *Psyche: Symphonic Poem (1. Psyche Asleep. 2. Psyche Carried Off by the Zephyrs. 4. Psyche and Eros.* The Detroit Symphony Orchestra under Paul Paray. —The performance of *La Valse* is stunning. In his reading of Faure's *Pavane* Paray shows that he is a master of delicacy and elegance. The reading of work by Franck, with its gossamer-like orchestral texture, is ideal. 33 1/3 rpm. Mercury MG-50029.

HECTOR BERLIOZ. *Symphonie Fantastique, Op. 14.* The Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra under Antal Dorati. —A magnificent presentation of this engrossing composition. I wonder whether any eminent conductor of our time has a keener ear than Dorati's. 33 1/3 rpm. Mercury MG-50034.

H. OWEN REED. *La Fiesta Mexicana: A Mexican Folk Song Symphony*

(*Prelude and Aztec Dance, Mass, Festival*). PETER MENNIN. *Canzona.* VINCENT PERSICHETTI. *Psalm.* VIRGIL THOMSON. *A Solemn Music.* HOWARD HANSON. *Chorale and Alleluia.* The Eastman Symphonic Wind Ensemble under Frederick Fennell. —Tonally sumptuous playing. Magnificent recording. 33 1/3 rpm. Mercury MG-40011.

WALTER PISTON. *Symphony No. 3.* The Eastman-Rochester Symphony Orchestra under Howard Hanson. —A thought-provoking work from the pen of Piston, who is Naumburg Professor of Music at Harvard. Recorded under the auspices of the Koussevitzky Music Foundation, for which the symphony was written in 1947. 33 1/3 rpm. Mercury MG-40010.

ROBERT SCHUMANN. *Carnaval.* CESAR FRANCK. *Prelude, Chorale, and Fugue.* Artur Rubinstein, pianist. —Magical playing. Magical recording. 33 1/3 rpm. RCA Victor LM-1822.

CONTEMPORARY AMERICAN MUSIC FOR STRING ORCHESTRA. *Rounds for String Orchestra*, by David Diamond; *The Hollow Men, for String Orchestra and Trumpet* (Sidney Baker, trumpet soloist), by Vincent Persichetti; *Two Pieces for String Orchestra* (1928), by Aaron Copland; *Three American Dances for String Orchestra*, by Roger Goeb; *Music for Strings*, by Quincy Porter. The M-G-M String Orchestra under Izler Solomon. —Admirable playing. Fascinating music. 33 1/3 rpm. M-G-M E3117.



CAMILLE SAINT-SAENS. *Carnival of the Animals*. The original chamber version for two pianos, two violins, viola, 'cello, contrabass, flute, clarinet, celeste, and xylophone. The duo-pianists are Ethel Bartlett and Rae Robertson. Izler Solomon is the conductor. MAURICE RAVEL. *Ma Mere l'Oye (Mother Goose)*. CLAUDE DEBUSSY. *Petite Suite*. Ethel Bartlett and Rae Robertson, duo-pianists. —I prefer the original chamber version of Saint-Saens' musical joke to the version for full orchestra. Bartlett and Robertson are artists of extraordinary ability. 33 1/3 rpm. M-G-M E3114.

MANUEL DE FALLA. *La Vida Breve*. Orquesta Sinfonica de la Opera de Barcelona and Capilla Clasica Polifonica under Ernesto Halffter. Chorus master: Enrique Ribo. Soloists: Salud, Victoria de los Angeles, soprano; Abuela, Rosario Gomez; mezzo-soprano; Paco, Pablo Civil, tenor; Uncle Sarvaor, Emilio Paya, baritone; Carmela, Josefina Puigsech, mezzo-soprano; Manuel, Fernando Cachadina, baritone; The Singer, Jose Simorra, baritone; First Street Vendor, Carmen Gombau,

soprano; Second Street Vendor, Agustina Turullols, mezzo-soprano; Third Street Vendor, Pilar Tello, soprano; Voices, Miguel Pujol, tenor; Voice of a Hawker, Amadeo Cartana, tenor. —An excellent disc-presentation of this fine but seldom heard opera. Sung in Spanish. On the fourth side of the two 12-inch lp. discs Victoria de los Angeles sings a group of Spanish songs, with Gerald Moore at the piano for some and Claude Chiassen at the harpsichord for others. She is a great artist. RCA Victor LM-6017.

A KISS AND OTHER LOVE SONGS. *A Kiss, Begin the Beguine, Long Ago, The Night Is Young and You're So Beautiful, My Heart Stood Still, Sylvia, The Moon Was Yellow, Night and Day, My Romance, Siboney, The Thrill Is Gone, Valencia, Beautiful Love, Yesterdays, Besame Mucho, Without a Song*. Mario Lanza, tenor, with an orchestra under Ray Sinatra. —Lanza is endowed by nature with a magnificent voice. Nevertheless, his particular type of *Schmalz* gives me a most excruciating pain in the neck. 33 1/3 rpm. RCA Victor LM-1860.



# THE NEW BOOKS

*Unsigned reviews are by the Editors*

## Religion

### CHRISTMAS, VOLUME 24

Edited by R. E. Haugan (Augsburg, paper \$1.25, cloth \$2.50)

In this reviewer's home, the Christmas season starts officially when the annual Christmas volume arrives from Augsburg Publishing House. Each year, the question is, "Will it be as good as last year's?" And each year the answer is, "Better."

These volumes follow a pretty rigid formula which can be most tersely summarized in one word. "Excellence." There is always the remarkable art work, much of it original, some of it reproductions of the great work of the past. There is always The Word, the Christmas Gospel adorned with illuminating illustrations. There are always the articles and stories, including this year one by our CRESSET Associate, A. R. Kretzmann, on Bethlehem. And there is always the nostalgia section, sketches and captions telling the story of Christmas at home, wherever that home may be.

We think that it would enrich the Christmas season in any home, and particularly in Christian homes, to have such a book as this lying out where members of the family can periodically glance at it. The very cover of the present volume makes us want to hum carols.

### THE FESTIVAL OF CHRISTMAS

By Mary Hinderlie and Edna Hong (Augsburg, 75 cents)

This is a clever and very attractive paper-back book of days for the Advent and Christmas seasons. Hymns, prayers, and Scripture readings for the holidays are set down with suggestions for the observance of such Christmas customs as the lighting of the Advent candles and the traditional rites of St. Lucia's Day (December 13). This festival, which is a sort of feast of lights, includes a pleasant custom of children serving their parents breakfast in bed and would seem to merit more widespread observance.

The booklet includes many worthwhile suggestions for making things, doing things, and reading.

*EDITOR'S NOTE: The Concordia Publishing House has recently issued an Advent and Christmas Calendar called "The Mystery of Christmas." It was designed by Paula Jordan after a plan by Wilhelm Thomas and was printed in Germany. The calendar is to be hung in a window and contains an opening for each day from the first of December through the sixth of January. Each opening, or small window, is to be removed on the appropriate day making visible some scene in the Advent and Christmas*



story. Although this is somewhat out of the line of this department the editors of the CRESSET would like to call this excellent reminder of the days of Christmas to your attention. The price is One Dollar.

### DEAR CHARLES

By Wesley Shrader (Macmillan, \$2.50)

The device of *Screwtape Letters* is here readjusted to furnish ironic commentary on certain facets of life in the Christian ministry. Instead of letters from a senior devil to a junior devil we have letters from Professor Astute of the seminary at Mammonville to a promising young pastor, the Reverend Charles Prince. Professor Astute has occupied the Chair of Ancient Languages at the seminary for twenty-eight years, and has done so unhappily for most of those years. Not just because he has realized almost from the beginning that he is profoundly uninterested in Ancient Languages. He had jumped at the chance to join the seminary faculty, and after three failures in three different pastorates, would have agreed to teach any thing. Professor Astute's subsequent unhappiness has been due to his discovery that although he has been "kicked upstairs," he could not possibly have landed in a spot farther removed from the center of things. No position in the church is less likely to bring him the honor and recognition he craves. Brooding over the causes of his failures he resolves to win success vicariously by guiding his favorite student through the kind of career

in the church which he had wished for himself.

In twenty-six letters he gives Charles the fruit of his years of reflection. Charles must not make the mistakes which his teacher has made. Professor Astute tells his protege how to dress, how to select a secretary, how to conduct a successful revival, how to manage a rebellious church board.

"Select your visiting evangelist with great care. *Do not invite a man who can really preach.* If you do, this will jeopardize your position more than ever. . . There is one word of caution about Bible preaching. Let the people make the application for themselves. For example, assume that they have enough sense to know why Jesus deliberately chose a Samaritan as the hero of one of his famous stories. . . In the midst of many discouragements and losses my own humility has been to me a source of satisfaction. . ."

The author of *Dear Charles* is pastor of the First Baptist Church in Lynchburg, Virginia. His ironic treatment of the strategies of ecclesiastical "success" shows an anxious concern over the intrusion of secular values and techniques into the work of the Church. In an editorial appendix he sorrowfully announces the untimely death of Charles Prince at the age of forty-two, and in describing Professor Astute's reaction, the Reverend Mr. Shrader succumbs to the temptation of announcing his moral: "Professor Astute never knew another day's happiness in this world. Two months later he died of a broken heart. Thus

he joined Charles in that realm beyond, where together they would face the searching judgment of God, who as yet has never allowed Himself or His people to be used as means to worldly ends."

Christian readers will probably be able to forgive the author for announcing his "message" when they realize that he most earnestly seeks to stir them not only to laughter, but to repentance.

### SING PRAISE

Edited by Carlyle W. Holte (Augsburg, 75 cents)

The hymns which Mr. Holte has included in this attractive, paper-back hymnal include the finest of all of the hymns in the treasury of the Church. Most of them are of Lutheran origin, but an excellent representation of non-Lutheran hymns is included—among them St. Francis' "All Creatures of Our God and King," the moving spiritual "Were You There?," and Whittier's "Dear Lord and Father of Mankind." Most of the hymns are printed with their melodies.

This would be an excellent song-book for church youth groups, men's clubs, and ladies' aids. Two or three of the hymns appear to be club songs for ELC youth groups.

### AMERICA'S SPIRITUAL RECOVERY

By Edward L. R. Elson (Revell, \$2.50)

I approached this book with a considerable degree of skepticism. It is dedicated to President Eisenhower, and has an introduction by J. Edgar

Hoover of the F. B. I. who is a member of the author's congregation, as is Mr. Eisenhower. There is much emphasis on the military and on the chaplaincy. It would seem that the author is ready to exploit the position in which he happens to be serving. I am sure that I would not have read the book unless I had received it to review.

Yet, I want to be fair to the book itself. The author seems to be entirely sincere in what he writes. Surely, what he writes needs to be said, especially the first chapter, "The Moral Lapse," the third, "Freedom is born of Faith," and the last, "A Summons to Americans." For one thing, the author has been around a great deal. He writes in one place, "A few days earlier I had entered Dachau Concentration Camp. Nothing that has been written or photographed has adequately portrayed to the world what our young American troops discovered there."

I think of this book as one long sermon, perhaps originally given as addresses or sermons or a series of sermons. Although I have never heard the author, I am sure that he is a popular speaker, a splendid pastor as Mr. Hoover says, and a successful army chaplain.

In the midst of a plentitude of platitudes, (what preacher does not have a plentitude of platitudes?), there are also many worth-while, incisive sentences and paragraphs, e. g.,

"Family life no longer possesses its interpreting and unifying strength. When the family gathers it



is not at the family altar or even at the fireside, but in front of the television screen, where each contends with the other for his favorite show. Home has come to be a place to which one goes to get ready to go somewhere else."

"The Church is not a company carrying a bunch of keys to unlock the doors to all our problems, but a people with a master key to the whole of life."

"The Church is not a Sunday morning lecture forum. It is a fellowship of redeemed sinners, of whom it has been written, 'Behold, how they love one another.'"

"So we cannot understand American history except as a spiritual movement."

"For two-thirds of the world's population the most intimate details of everyday life are controlled by forces outside the individual. It may be less overt and deliberate here than in the East, yet this regimentation is becoming increasingly characteristic of Western civilization. The motion picture dictates our styles and sometimes our morals. The columnist provides us with pre-masticated ideas. Book clubs select our reading. Our business is done with chain stores and chain banks. We live under a dictatorship of psychological pressure and social atmosphere. Wherever you look, mass man is encroaching on individual man."

"The life of Western man, once sustained and uplifted by religion, is progressively secularized. Services

to human lives which had their inception in religious faith and which for centuries were motivated by the religious spirit no longer have specific relation to religion at all."

HOWARD A. KUHNLE

### CHOOSING OUR MEMORIES

By Edward Kuhlmann (Wartburg, \$2.00)

This is a book of essays, each covering three pages, based on personal experiences and incidents, many from the author's own life. The title is from the first essay. The book is interestingly and sparkingly written. The author is pastor of Good Hope Lutheran Church, Oil City, Pa. The book would surely be of most interest to those who know the author personally.

Each of the essays is provided with a title and a "text." "Men of extinction" is an extraordinarily clever take-off on the ads found in some magazines which advertise liquor with the line, "For Men of Distinction." The "text" for this is "Publicity is like the egg—sometimes it is wholesome, sometimes it stinks."

"Tarnished wedding rings" is about marriage. It includes the following paragraphs:

"In a bit of clever satire that reverses the usual wedding publicity a newspaper clipping of anonymous authorship passes on to me the account of a wedding so rich in humor that I would share it with you. Here it is: 'Mr. Hiram Norcross became the bridegroom of Miss Emily Lewis in a pretty ceremony

today. He was attended by Mr. Schultz as groomsman. As the groom came in he was the cynosure of all eyes.

"He was charmingly clad in a going-away three piece suit consisting of coat and vest and pants. A pretty story was current among the guests to the effect that the coat was the same one worn by his father and his grandfather on their wedding days, but he shyly evaded questions on this sentimental touch.

"The severe simplicity of the groom's pants was relieved by the right pants leg being artistically caught up by a hose supporter, revealing a glimpse of a brown hole-proof sock above the genuine leather shoe.

"Blue galluses were gracefully curved over each shoulder, being attached to the pants fore and aft, while a loosely knotted tie of blue rode under his left ear above a starched collar with a delicate saw-edging. This gave the effect of studied carelessness which marks supreme artistry in male attire.

"Mr. Schultz's costume was essentially like the groom's, and as the two approached the altar, a hush of awed admiration enveloped the entire throng. The presence of the bride was also observed by many."

HOWARD A. KUHNLE

## LIFE TOGETHER

By Dietrich Bonhoeffer (Harper, \$1.75)

Dietrich Bonhoeffer, whose *Prisoner*

for God was reviewed several months ago in these columns, appears to have been in our period of conformity one of those refreshingly different charismatic personalities. His difference seems—at least on the basis of this study of Christian fellowship—to have stemmed from a unique source, the attempt to be a Christian in a society twisted by demonic forces. Life together at the time the little volume was written meant for Bonhoeffer a clandestine existence in fellowship with colleagues of an underground seminary of the German Confessing Church.

The work is a little devotional classic or examination of the meaning of Christian ethics in the fellowship of the faithful, at work, or in prayer, rather than a theological or sociological study of community. The emphases on Jesus Christ as reconciler with God and our fellow men, on the Good News of God's Word which must now shape our handling of our self and our neighbor, and the emphasis on the priesthood of the Christian within the beloved community, are most welcome and productive. Harper's can be congratulated in its program of publishing religious books when material of this character is made available. Though one may be unable to appropriate to himself much of the counsel of these pages, since he must say "It is high, I cannot attain unto it," he will value the advice of a martyred Christian who "being dead, yet speaketh."





## Fiction

### A FIELD FULL OF PEOPLE

By Robert Hazel (World, \$3.75)

*A Field Full of People* is the story of a Southern farm youth who through drunkenness, lechery, and heresy gradually ruins the lives of everyone whose life touches his. It is a hot sort of plot told in a cool sort of poetry.

With this book, his second, Mr. Hazel shows a glimmering ability to translate powerful ideas into good writing. Especially notable is his handling of the mother's loveless Puritanism. Often, however, the book seems just plain noisy.

One can hardly dismiss this novel without noting that it is as uninhibited as any *avant garde* volume ever smuggled into the United States. *A Field Full of People* is published, presumably, in Cleveland, Ohio.

Unless it should acquire notoriety for its pornographic elements—and obviously the author harbors nobler intentions—this book isn't likely to attract many readers. Mr. Hazel's skill is several cuts above that of the writers who turn out the best selling novels, but it is hardly superlative enough to set him among that circle of good contemporary writers toward which he seemingly aims.

ROBERTA DONSBACH

### THE VIEW FROM POMPEY'S HEAD

By Hamilton Basso. (Doubleday, \$3.95)

The publisher is correct in labeling this one, on the dust jacket, as a

major American novel. It contains two stories, one in the present, and the other, revealed by flash-backs, about fifteen years in the past. Toward the end the two stories merge, but each is sufficiently interesting to stand alone.

The story in the present concerns a young lawyer who is sent, by his New York firm, to a small Southern city on an investigation of a law suit, about which there is something of a mystery. This small city, Pompey's Head, is the lawyer's home town, and he is visiting it for the first time in fifteen years. Within a few days, the lawyer, through visits to the old landmarks and with old friends, re-lives his former life in that city. He discovers not only the reason for the mystery in the case he is investigating, but also discovers his own reasons for leaving Pompey's Head, a city which he thoroughly loves.

What emerges from these two well-linked stories is the best and most thoughtful description of a Southern community to appear in years. It is not the usual Southern town of the novelists, a town of either magnolias or hidden decay. Yet it is a distinctive community. It is settled but it has kept up with progress, and it is different from most towns, principally, because of the brand of Shintoism still practiced by its inhabitants.

This is Hamilton Basso's eighth novel, and it is by far his most interesting and significant one.

## THE HYDROGEN BOMB

By James Shepley and Clay Blair, Jr. (McKay, \$3.00)

The complete title of this book is: *THE HYDROGEN BOMB: The Men, The Menace, The Mechanism*. The book is purportedly written "in order that the people of the United States can have some basis for judging how their interests have been served" by the men connected with the development of the hydrogen bomb for the United States.

This is a bad book. Perhaps it would be better to call it a vicious book. It does *not* afford an adequate basis for the formation of the judgment to which the authors allude; in fact, to quote a fine newspaper, "No one who is able to make an independent check should rely on any statement this book contains."

Whether they know it or not, the authors of this book have produced their own estimable example of the type of hysterical stupidity which is shown in its extreme by such occurrences as the Indiana declaration that *Little Red Riding Hood* is subversive and the other later edict making it mandatory for wrestlers and boxers who wish to groan and bleed in Indiana rings to take an oath to the effect that they are not communists. It must be assumed, at this distance, that the authors did not know that they were doing the United States a considerable disservice. For to say that they did this knowingly would be nothing if not a most serious charge.

Shepley and Blair have succeeded in doing two things, *viz.*, they have prob-

ably made even worse an already alarming lack of liaison between the truly topflight scientific talent of this nation on the one hand and our representatives in government on the other; secondly, while calling McCarthy a demagogue (p. 227) they are guilty of employing Joe's type of innuendo in their discussion of the personalities involved in the development of the H-bomb and a few related subjects, such as the Strategic Air Command. In this, the authors are skilled users of what I shall call *Time*-isms. By a *Time*-ism I mean the use of adjectives in a more-or-less subtle attempt to appeal to a reader's bias while trying to give the impression of righteous objectivity.

Much evidence may be adduced to demonstrate both points, but, as Hans Bethe—discoverer of the theory of thermonuclear fission on which the H-bomb is based—has said, "To list the falsehoods [in this book] would make a book itself." *This* comes from a man who certainly knows more about the "Mechanism" than the Shepley-Blair combination. Probably more about most of the "Men" too. This reviewer must confess that he tired of listing doubtful passages and passages where no supporting documentation of any sort was even alluded to.

Vannevar Bush, the top U. S. scientific director during the war, has only recently lamented the character of our present security system in this country and the fact that its inequities have led to the situation which finds the very Chiefs of Staff without proper scientific advice in this crucial



age. Shepley and Blair refer to United States scientists as "fuzzy-minded" (p. 114). This one example serves to illustrate both points of this review. Scientists will certainly not be moved to cooperate with government leaders who smile on the efforts of Shepley and Blair. Also, this reference constitutes a low-order *Time*-ism, at least.

Gordon Dean, chairman of the Atomic Energy Commission during much of the time with which the book concerns itself—and former law partner of the late, respected Senator Brien McMahon—has been quoted as calling the book "A horrifying combination of little knowledge, outright untruths and questionable motives." Certainly we may justifiably consider *him* more of an expert than Shepley-Blair on the "Men" and the "Menace" and probably also the "Mechanism."

Another quote on the character of this book: "A sophomoric science fiction tale to be taken seriously only by a psychiatrist. . . [The person responsible] should have either his head or his motives examined." This one comes from I. I. Rabi, chairman of the General Advisory Commission of the Atomic Energy Commission. It is good to know that the GAC does not list *Time*-writers Shepley and Blair in its membership. (Shepley is *head* of *Time's* Washington Bureau.) It is also good to ponder the fact that the public does not have to rely on *Time* for the formation of its judgments.

The authors attempt to say that Dr. J. Robert Oppenheimer almost singlehandedly stopped the H-bomb program in its tracks. While Oppen-

heimer is, apparently, their *main* target (the book is possibly incorrectly titled), they have written a book which is an indictment of the whole scientific community. They speak of "fuzzy-minded" scientists. They accuse "many of the scientists" of waging "doctrinaire warfare" against SAC, the Strategic Air Command (p. 175). Incidentally, the use of that word "doctrinaire" in this context is another example of the calculated *Time*-ism. For what do people nowadays hint at when they use the word?

The book apparently has as one of its objectives the establishment of one Dr. Edward Teller as a national hero. *Life* magazine, another Luce publication, has tried to do its bit in this regard by printing a feature article about this man. He is referred to as the "father of the H bomb." This is unfortunate. This he isn't. There is evidence that Teller's production in the H-bomb program was a dud. A scientist can be a very good scientist and still fail, but he shouldn't be made a replacement for a man like Oppenheimer when he does! What is the evidence? Dr. A. Bradbury, who is the head of the Los Alamos Laboratory, and who has been lavishly praised by President Eisenhower and by Teller's friend Lewis Straus, has published a statement in *U. S. News and World Report* in which he stresses the point that *all* known and workable thermonuclear developments have come from Los Alamos. This clearly implies the assertion that they did *not* come from Teller's Livermore Laboratories. But Teller and his friend Lewis Straus,

chairman of the AEC, and *Time*-writers Shepley and Blair do not like Oppenheimer and we must have a hero in any book.

Finally, why all the fuss about a bad book? The answer lies in the importance of the matters it treats and the manner in which it deals with them. The H-bomb is clearly an important matter; its importance is indicated in the rumored statement of the former Air Secretary, Mr. Finletter, to the effect that "...with seven of these weapons we can rule the world." And the manner in which the authors deal with scientists in general and Dr. Oppenheimer in particular is, to say the least, hardly worthy of responsible Americans. It should perhaps be noted that Oppenheimer has been unanimously re-elected head of the Institute for Advanced Study at Princeton and that the minority report of Dr. Ward V. Evans, the only scientist on the Gray Board, contains this sentence, "He did not hinder the development of the H-bomb and there is absolutely nothing in the testimony to show that he did."

### IN THE CAUSE OF PEACE

By Trygve Lie (Macmillan, \$6.00)

"The United Nations is what the Member governments want it to be—nothing better nor worse", says Trygve Lie in this volume of personal recollections set down after nearly eight years' service as Secretary-General of the world organization. It is a highly readable book by a modest man who took on the assignment with reluctance, and who, burdened with the

unearned reputation of being "Moscow's man," emerged as one of the most responsible and most respected figures of our time. A thorough-going realist, Lie does not minimize the failures of the UN, the many fumbling or contradictory policies adopted; he believes that "...we must take things as they are..." readjusting to new challenges while preserving the greatest possible measure of idealism, trust, and faith.

Lie describes in detail each of the major crises that arose from 1946 to 1953—Iran, Palestine, the Berlin blockade, Tito's secession from the Russian orbit, the betrayal of Czechoslovakia, China's transformation into a Communist colossus, and the war in Korea. His treatment is frank, his point of view fresh. He records many fascinating sidelights on men and women as diverse as Bernard Baruch, Jan Masaryk, Anthony Eden, Andrei Gromyko, and Eleanor Roosevelt. He takes the reader with him on trips to Russia, to Latin America, Africa, and other undeveloped areas of the globe.

While confessing that Russian reasoning is almost impossible to understand, Lie does not always find American diplomacy intelligible or consistent either. He deplores our methods of seeking Communist traitors in the UN, and doubts the wisdom of keeping the Russian satellites and China permanently out of the world family. Indecision and procrastination, he feels, are diseases common to both our political parties. Containment of Communism through regional security pacts backed by powerful armed might



will suffice as a temporary measure, but force alone will never stop Communism in the long run.

"In the Cause of Peace" is in some respects a discouraging report, but certainly not a despairing one.

WILLIS BOYD

### SUT LOVINGOOD

By George W. Harris (Grove, \$4.00)

Some 20 sketches were contributed by George Washington Harris to *The Spirit of the Times* (a New York weekly sporting journal) and to Tennessee newspapers; these were collected in 1867. Their re-discovery stems from our current interest in all things natively American, particularly when the setting is the Great Smoky Mountains in which Sut Lovingood lives.

As this book well shows, here is indeed a folk character. Sut is a lanky uncouth East Tennessee mountaineer who loves especially two things: corn whiskey, and a practical joke. His droll adventures include the breaking up of a negro funeral, a wedding party, and a quilting respectively, as well as his being blown up by seidlitz powders. Mostly, and like another folk hero Tyl Eulenspiegel, Sut hates hypocrisy; his pet targets are women and circuit riders. His vivid, earthy dialect and tall tales are some of the oral humor of the southwestern frontier. In them he foreshadows Huckleberry Finn, whose surprising escapades have been called parlor versions of Sut's crude pranks.

This re-issue of an eight-part recon-

struction of the rambling and diversified narrative. It has a rewarding introduction (by Brom Weber) plus the interesting original preface by G.W.H. I think its chief merit rests in the manner in which it reveals, as F. O. Matthiessen says in *American Renaissance*, how Harris demonstrates on the comic level what Melville did on the tragic, namely the rare kind of dramatic imagination that can get movement directly into words. In spite of tiresome colloquialisms, use of the vernacular by Sut brings us very close to the undiluted resources of our American language.

HERBERT H. UMBACH

### THIRTY YEARS

By John P. Marquand (Little, Brown, \$5.00)

Before he became a successful novelist, Mr. Marquand wrote short stories for mass circulation magazines, especially for the *Saturday Evening Post*. In this collection of stories, essays, and articles, written, as the title suggests, in the last thirty years, much of the material appeared in magazine form. A few papers read before various New England groups are included, and one section is devoted to articles written on his travels during World War II.

Among the best of the fiction presented here are two of his Mulligatawny stories and two stories set in Hawaii, "Lunch at Honolulu" and "The End Game." Of the non-fiction, only "Letter to Dr. Huntington," a satirical little number on the authorship of *The Late George Apley*, re-

tains the freshness it had on first appearance.

Mr. Marquand is an interesting and a facile writer, so his collection, while uneven, is rather interesting and easy reading. But why he chose to compile this volume is not easy to understand, and very little will be gained if other authors follow up on this idea. The only reason given for putting this material into book form is that it has not been in book form before. The author, in a foreword, says he hopes the collection will show he writes better today than when he started. Since these selections are not arranged chronologically, one must finish the volume before he can agree with the author that he is a better writer today, but by then it is too late.

**ROYAL MOTHER: THE STORY OF  
QUEEN MOTHER ELIZABETH  
AND HER FAMILY**

By Jennifer Ellis (Prentice-Hall, \$2.95)

The Scottish lady who became the consort of the late King George VI has won a secure place in the affections of both the British and the American people. And she did so simply by being a good wife and mother.

Unfortunately, the very qualities which made her such an able and beloved queen make her a difficult subject for a biography. It is almost impossible to describe a good person without making him sound either like a prig or like some poorly-drawn fictional character.

Nevertheless, Miss Ellis manages to give us some revealing glimpses of the queen who so greatly humanized the awesome institution of royalty, who stood beside her husband as the symbol of stubborn refusal to yield to the German war machine, and who has more recently shown how to take personal loss and loss of position gallantly.

The best part of the book is the illustrations. These could be pages from the family album of any well-connected English family, except, of course, for the few which show Their Majesties in the performance of official duties.

**AN ENCYCLOPEDIA OF  
MODERN AMERICAN HUMOR**

Edited by Bennett Cerf (Doubleday, \$3.95)

Mr. Cerf has acquired a reputation as a joke collector (*Good For A Laugh* and *Try and Stop Me*) and it comes as no particular surprise that he should elect to gather together some larger examples of humor. This present collection includes samples of James Thurber, E. B. White, Will Rogers, Dorothy Parker, S. J. Perelman, Ring Lardner, Wolcott Gibbs, Robert Benchley, Damon Runyon, Clarence Day, H. Allen Smith, and many others. The book is arranged, somewhat peculiarly I think, into geographical sections. For example, two of Thurber's short pieces show up in a chapter headed "The Midwest." Since the scene of both of these pieces is Columbus, Ohio, this does not seem implausible but I think the



connection between humor and geography is rather remote. In any event, here in some 700 pages is a fine collection of modern, American humor. It comes along just in time for the Christmas shopping ahead since it would make an acceptable and impersonal present for almost anyone.

Not everyone will find all of his favorites here but almost everyone will find much that is amusing. One thing, I think, is worth noting: Mr. Cerf has included a couple of his own pieces in this book and neither of them strike me as being very funny.

#### THAT REMINDS ME

By Alben W. Barkley (Doubleday, \$4.50)

#### MY NAME IS TOM CONNALLY

By Tom Connally, as told to Alfred Steinberg (Crowell, \$5.00)

Alben W. Barkley and Tom Connally have long been prominent in the Democratic Party and in the national government. They have both had long, distinguished careers in the Senate and both have retired from public office—or at least Barkley had until the second of November of this year. They have now both chosen to write of their years, their work, their accomplishments, and their associates. Both books are interesting, reflecting as they do an “insider’s” glance back over the last momentous decades. Senator Connally told his story to Alfred Steinberg who recorded it for him and Veep Barkley had the assistance of Sidney Shalett. Both books have photographs. Either or both

would make a fine Christmas present for anyone interested in the recent history of this country.

The Veep has livened up his book with his stories and jokes of the variety that so often appeared in his campaign speeches. He has used this theme as the title of his book. Senator Connally whom I would judge, from his book, not to be quite the personable and warm figure that Barkley appears, was for a very long time intimately connected with the foreign affairs of this country by virtue of his chairmanship of that important Senate committee. He tells about the backstage work involved in this delicate matter of relations between nations—an important matter then and now.

#### THE BIG FIX

By Norton Mockridge and Robert H. Prall (Holt, \$3.95)

Mockridge and Prall are reporters for the New York *World-Telegram and The Sun* and covered for a number of years the attempts of a Brooklyn grand jury to eliminate the unhealthy liaison between crime and government in New York City. From their files and records of these stories the authors have now written a full-length book. In it they trace the origins of this connection, of the attempts, mostly by Miles McDonald the District Attorney for Brooklyn, to eliminate it, and of his eventual success in breaking the hold of the gamblers on the Police Department of New York. All of this, of course, led up to the resignation of Mayor William O'Dwyer as well as a pretty

thorough house-cleaning in the New York City Police Department. It all makes very exciting reading and should be a "must" for every civic-minded individual. Now that O'Dwyer is back in the country for the moment it just might be that some new and final answers may be forthcoming. Certainly O'Dwyer still owes some explanations for some of the things that happened during his tenure as mayor.

It is pretty evident to the reader that the authors are reporters and this makes for a certain quality of urgency in their writing, but it is not out of place in a book of this sort. One must also assume that they are capable of proving or substantiating some of their charges and inferences or else they and their newspaper would have lost

some libel suits at the time when these stories were running in their paper. All in all and despite some distressing mannerisms in their writing, a good pathological job on a distressing situation that reflected so adversely on what had long been thought of as an excellent police department. This is a situation that can happen again and in any city and in this book the authors show the difficult, but fortunately not hopeless, task ahead for the person who tries to eliminate it. District attorneys throughout the country could read with profit of the untiring work that McDonald did against great odds, and plain citizens can learn that grand jury service can be the most satisfying civic duty.





# A Minority Report



By VICTOR F. HOFFMANN

## Politics in Indiana

In Indiana, the Hoosiers play two games for keeps, basketball and politics.

If the boys in a Hoosier family are under six feet, they can redeem themselves and take the pressure off their parents by running for precinct captain and whatever that leads to.

Hoosiers all over the state play both games in a running, racehorse style without much of a floor pattern. But they play the games with remarkable knowhow and with considerable enthusiasm.

The trouble is, they do not leave their games in the locker-room. They keep talking it up wherever they go and whenever. This is what kills you. And whether watching, talking, or playing, Hoosiers keep watching that green stuff on the line.

To most Indianans, it doesn't matter much whether you won or lost. It matters only whether you play the game.

*How* you played the game? That's a matter of indifference. Knives, guns, swords, spitting tobacco juice at fifty feet, bare knuckles—what'll you have? That's how we play it in Indiana and the devil take the hindmost.

In Indiana, you can't pray either with eyes uplifted to the heavenly horizons or downcast to the earth of humility for fear the opponents will you get from the rear. Many an Indiana ward has been lost during a short prayer service.

## Campaign Days in Indiana

The days surrounding an election are always eventful in Indiana. It's like getting married

or the birth of a child. Even the participants read ambiguous directions in the events.

This year the campaign was marked by "some fussin' and feudin'" on the part of our two state chairmen, really two nice guys.

It seems that some person or persons had been sending out letters above the signatures of Communists or subversives to Democrats or prospective Democratic voters. Republican Al, a former school teacher, made the most out of this situation. Democrat Charlie whose education is limited displayed his unlimited vocabulary.

The really amusing part of this story is that these two wheelhorses don't have to go far to call one another names. The headquarters of both Indiana parties are in the Claypool Hotel in Indianapolis. Actually, they seem to get along well enough except for these little side incidents in their lives.

Meanwhile, Governor Craig and Ray Madden, congressman from Gary, Indiana, challenged one another to an extensively covered debate (T-V, radio, and Indiana echo) for the last evening of the campaign. But it didn't materialize because the two chairmen referred to above decided there wasn't much sense

in debating after the Rubicon had been crossed. Neither Craig or Madden had anything to gain or lose. Craig was not running for office, at least not for an office this election year. Madden, a Democrat from Gary, represents a district with as many GOP votes as there are hot days in a mid-western winter.

But they just got to talking. Things had almost gone too far.

### Indiana's Four Party System

If Indiana political talk were based on only two angles, the Republican and the Democrat, party politics would probably be less ambiguous than they really are. This is not the case.

Both Indiana parties are divided right down the middle. In 1952, the Republican state convention was a fight between the Taft supporters and the Eisenhower adherents. In Indiana that meant a struggle between the Craig-Halleck combine and the Capehart-Jenner machine.

Republican Al is state chairman because Halleck and Craig have carried the day.

The same story is repeated every day in Indiana's Democratic party. McKinney, the only Democrat to live on rich and sophisticated Meridian street be-



tween Indianapolis and Kokomo, represents a wing of the Democratic party in Indiana and Paul Butler and Henry Schricker probably represent the other wing.

Democrat Charlie probably owes his chairmanship to the last mentioned.

It's a little like wrestling in a tag match except that Hoosier politics "ain't an act" as they like to say in southern Indiana.



## Election Day

On the campus of Indiana University where we all are stationed for the present, everyone was running scared the last few days before the election.

It was a little like investing your life savings in the pre-1932 stock exchange. You just couldn't afford to play your political cards wrong.

On November second at five thirty in the morning, election day came for me. A precinct captain friend and I had coffee in his kitchen on the way to the polls.

My job for the day: to serve as a pollbook holder for the precinct captain. The pollbook holder is a party agent and not an election official.

At six o'clock sharp, I grabbed

my pollbook and began asking, "Your name, please?" In such a manner began the checkoff. By closing time, we knew how many Democrats and Republicans had voted.

By eight o'clock in the morning, forty out of a possible four hundred and sixteen had cast their ballots. By eleven noon, over one hundred ballots had been scratched. The old heads at the polling booth were amazed. Off-year elections barely get out one fourth of the vote for the whole day, they said. One old man, winner of the assessor race, scratched his head and said, "You know, I just can't understand this, the way all these people are votin'—and it ain't fittin' weather, either."

At six fifteen that evening, all the commentators had caught the spirit of the big turnout. They spoke only with amazement. The people were not supposed to act this way, this was an off-year election—after all. The second question: who will benefit by this large turnout? Ike? He wanted it this way even if it busted Bell telephone. The Democrats? People who know have always said that the Democrats would be benefited by a large vote. But it didn't happen that way in 1952.

Two hours later, commenta-

tors were beginning to wonder about the GOP, all except Kaltenborn who doesn't give up until the last vote is in. (He had a hard night.) Barkley was running strong in Kentucky's third district where Cooper should have everything his own way. By eight thirty, it seemed clear that the Democrats were going to organize the House. Toward nine o'clock, it became apparent to the hopeful Democrats that Douglas of Illinois was widening the margin over Dirksen's Meek. At nine o'clock, Ives had conceded to Harriman. The big question: was the Dewey machine dead?

At five the next morning, it was abundantly clear that the House would be organized by the Democrats. Steve Mitchell, Demo's national boss, was claiming that early in the morning that "we're halfway to the White House." Adlai Stevenson had already rolled out the alliterations before he hit his hay.

In a race that was tighter than most, the Senate finally went Democratic but only with the help of Heaven and Wayne Morse, the Independent Democrat from the West. And the obituary column could change all that in a hurry.

## What Does It Mean?

Does it mean anymore than the fact that the "outs" are usually supposed to win offyear elections? Who knows?

It might mean that Eisenhower will have to run again in '56. It might also mean that Harriman will have something to say about the Democratic choice in '56.

It does mean that the conservative and rural northern GOP committee chairmen will be moving down on the totem pole to be replaced by the conservative and rural southern Democratic chairman.

How much of an improvement will McClellan be over McCarthy? The question makes for some interesting reflections. The Senator from Arkansas, though more of a gentleman than the junior Senator from Wisconsin, is not the liberal type by anyone's definition. These are some of the people in line for chairmanships if the Democrats organize the new Senate: Kilgore (W. Va.), Johnson (S.C.), George (Ga.), Byrd (Va.), and Ellender (La.).

Senator Johnson of Texas who will become the Senate's majority leader is reported to have traced his fingers down the list of Democratic committee chairmen while asking, "Who would



call any among them a wild man, a left-winger, or a fellow traveler?"

It's still going to be the same old game.

One interesting development: Ike has admitted he overstated

his case about the Democrats bringing chaos to the nation if elected.

Bell Telephone will really be busy. I hope the Democrats answer. But—they might not have phones in the South.



## THIN TUNES

Day's last ounce of light  
weighted my eyes  
watching apple blossoms  
Night grew many moons

Poplars grew along my floor  
dancing on air shimmers  
Moon dizzily whirled me asleep

Nervous moonlight  
hops from sky to sky  
between their walls of cloud

ROBERT EPP

# THE MOTION PICTURE

By ANNE HANSEN

Have you ever tried to see American-made films through the eyes of a foreigner? If you have, I am sure you will agree that it can be—and often is—a disturbing experience.

American films are in great demand in many parts of the world. Wherever they are shown, they play to large audiences. By far the greater portion of these spectators will never have the opportunity to visit the United States and to observe at first hand how we live and work and play. Countless thousands must inevitably, therefore, appraise and judge us by what they see on the motion-picture screen and hear on the soundtrack.

In recent weeks this thought has caused me many unhappy moments, for Hollywood producers have been grinding out a series of films which depict corrupt and brutal law-enforcement officials.

In *Private Hell 36* (Film-makers) a detective sergeant steals to satisfy the demands of a greedy wife. *Shield for Murder* (United Artists) shows us a police officer who is weak, dis-

honest, and, we are told, "probably psycho." *Rogue Cop* (M-G-M) concerns itself with a crooked detective who works hand in glove with a crime syndicate—a fact which is generally known by his associates and apparently tolerated by his superiors. In *Naked Alibi* (Universal-International) the "hero" is discharged from the force because of his brutal treatment of a suspect. The fact that in this instance the "hero" does bring a murderer to justice does not compensate for the over-all tawdriness of a cheap and meretricious film. *Pushover* (Columbia) presents a nauseating tale about a detective who plots murder and theft—all for the "love" of a girl.

From the viewpoint of artistry these films are completely mediocre and would not merit special mention. All are not only reprehensible but actually dangerous, because they invest wrong-doing with a certain flashy glamor, because moral values are either bypassed entirely or presented in a confused and wishy-washy manner, and because such films give



a false and misleading picture of law enforcement in the United States. I know, of course, that it would be unrealistic in the extreme to believe or to say that instances of corruption do not occur in the ranks of those whose duty it is to uphold and enforce our laws. But these cases are the exception rather than the rule—a fact which should be made crystal-clear in any film which has as its theme any phase of the work and the activities of the men and women who wear the badge of a police officer.

Bias and distortion are undesirable ingredients in any motion-picture release. In the case of so-called historical films these qualities are absolutely intolerable. Running neck and neck with the current cycle of "cop" pictures are the seemingly endless tales woven about the North American Indian and his desperate stand against the encroachments of his white brother.

To add color and excitement to their wares, motion-picture producers have always made unstinted and shameless use of the barbaric practices of the red man. In the past it was always the noble pioneer vs. the blood-thirsty savage. Now the formula has been reversed. Now it is the noble red man vs. the greedy and unscrupulous pioneer. *Sit-*

*ting Bull* (United Artists) is a good example of this distorted approach to history. I am still waiting for a film which will adhere strictly to historical facts—let the chips fall where they may. *Sitting Bull* is a magnificent pictorial achievement.

Herman Wouk's fine novel *The Caine Mutiny* has been brought to the screen in an outstanding production. Stanley Kramer assembled a distinguished cast for *The Caine Mutiny* (Columbia) and put the direction of the film into the expert hands of Edward Dmytryk. Humphrey Bogart plays the pitiful Captain Queeg with superb artistry. Terror, despair, doubt, and suffering are skillfully woven into his portrayal of the gradual crack-up of a man under stress. Van Johnson's performance as Maryk, the executive officer, seems to me to be the most solid and the most convincing of his entire career. Fred MacMurray and Jose Ferrer appear to excellent advantage in important supporting roles.

Humphrey Bogart may be seen—again with fine success—in a totally different role in *Sabrina* (Paramount, Billy Wilder), a thin but sprightly comedy-romance built around the age-old Cinderella theme. Audrey Hepburn is cast as the

poor little girl in pursuit of William Holden. Walter Hampden heads a good supporting cast. Adapted from the play *Sabrina Fair*, this is a sure-fire box office success.

*The Vanishing Prairie* (Walt Disney), the second feature-length production in Walt Disney's impressive *True Life Adventure Series*, is a fascinating picture. The full cycle of life on the prairie has been captured on glowingly beautiful color film. The birth of a buffalo calf—originally banned but later approved by the New York State Board of Censors—is one of the most moving episodes I have seen on the screen. I can find no reason whatever why children of any age should not be permitted to see this awe-inspiring miracle of birth. Here it is shown with the dignity and the simplicity which should mark any presentation of the marvelous works of the Creator. Nelson Eddy is heard in *Willie the Operatic Whale*, the hilarious Disney cartoon comedy shown with *The Vanishing Prairie*.

The fragile charm, the sparkling comedy, and the light-hearted fantasy which made *Brigadoon* a hit play on Broadway are literally buried in the vast CinemaScope Ansco Color production for the screen. Every-

thing about *Brigadoon* (M-G-M, Vincente Minelli) is too big to convey the other-world flavor, the grace, and the delicacy of Alan Jay Lerner's fanciful tale about the little Scottish town which comes to life for only one day in every century. Frederick Loewe's musical score is delightful.

*Betrayed* (M-G-M, Gottfried Reinhardt) is noteworthy only for the picturesque and authentic background filmed in Holland in Eastman Color. A stock cloak-and-dagger plot harks back to World War II and the activities of the Dutch underground. Clark Gable is reasonably convincing as the British Intelligence officer. Lana Turner plays Lana Turner, girl spy, and Victor Mature is seen as the patriot-turned-traitor.

Once upon a time—long, long ago—Greer Garson was widely acclaimed for her fine performance in *Mrs. Miniver*. Since that time we have seen Miss Garson in other pictures—some good, some decidedly poor. Unfortunately, *Her Twelve Men* (M-G-M, Robert Z. Leonard) falls into the latter category. This is a gooey play—a play peopled with make-believe characters. The acting—including that of Miss Garson—ranges from coy to cute to sticky.



In *Africa Adventure* (RKO-Radio, Pathe Color) Robert C. Ruark takes us on a safari into the dangerous Mau Mau territory. Mr. Ruark's commentary is a bit pompous, but the pictures are excellent and well worth seeing.

*Yesterday and Today* (RKO-Radio), written and narrated by George Jessel, briefly tells the story of the movies from 1893 to the recent past. Mr. Jessel's narrative is often corny and always trite. But it is interesting to see early newsreel shots of famous personages and excerpts from the films of the stars of yesterday.

*Suddenly* (United Artists, Lewis Allen) stars Frank Sinatra in the role of a killer who has been hired—by a nameless foreign power—to assassinate the President of the United States. The picture builds a fair share of excitement and suspense before the plot is thwarted and Frank and his companions in crime come to a violent end.

*The Raid* (20th Century-Fox, Hugo Fregonese) allegedly recreates an obscure and astonishing episode said to have occurred during the War Between the States. Van Heflin is excellent as the Confederate officer

who escapes into Canada, organizes a raiding party, and then leads the raid against a small New England town. I cannot vouch for the authenticity of the events depicted, but I can say that *The Raid* is a taut, well-made film and that it is superior to the average wartime drama.

*The Bounty Hunter* (Warners, Andre de Toth) brings us a story of frontier life in the West. Randolph Scott is seen as the professional bounty hunter who tracks down criminals for the reward offered for their capture. An ugly theme, developed to the accompaniment of violence and bloodshed.

*The Black Shield of Falworth* (Universal-International, CinemaScope, Rudolph Mate) takes us back to medieval England and a deep-laid plot to overthrow the government. Tony Curtis is the bold and dashing knight who gives the dastardly plotters their well-deserved comeuppance. Sometimes, alas, the jousting sequences and the deeds of derring-do are downright ludicrous.

*The Gambler from Natchez* (20th Century-Fox, Henry Levin) is just another swashbuckling tale of vengeance and romance.

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We promised a report on the success of our recent letter to subscribers, and here it is.

We got three and one half-percent response, which is a percent and a half better than the normal two-percent response to direct-mail requests. But a strange thing happened.

Less than one-fourth of the responses involved new subscriptions. Over three-fourths of the responses brought us extensions from present subscribers. This is a welcome and flattering vote of confidence, but it doesn't solve our basic problem, which is to add new names to our subscription list. Of course, it is pleasant to know that, come what may, we shall have at least four subscribers in 1960. But how do the four who have extended their subscriptions to that date know that there will be a CRESSET in 1960?

It has become a tradition with us to report, each December, the status of the junior generation of our editorial board. Comparative figures are impossible this year because we expanded the board during the year, in the process adding two editors who

between them did a great deal to even up the boy-girl imbalance. Even so, there is still a notable imbalance. Of our 36 progeny, 22 are boys and 14 are girls. The statistics for the year are incomplete because at least two additional offspring are due to arrive before year's end, but too late for our deadline. Another is due to arrive early next year.

The above statistics may serve to explain, if not excuse, the note of hysteria that occasionally creeps into our columns.

Your attention is called to the subscription forms on the preceding page. Gift subscriptions which are received in our office by the fifteenth of December will go into effect with the current issue. Subscriptions received after that date will go into effect with next month's issue. In every case, gift cards will be sent to the recipients.

This concludes another year of publishing. With much gratitude for the many kindnesses which we have received from our readers, we of the editorial board wish each of you a blessed Christmas and a new year made bright by the faithful love of God.

# The Editor's Lamp

PROBLEMS  
CONTRIBUTORS  
FINAL NOTES